

# Translating Style - Navigating the Depths of ClaireLouise Bennett's "Pond"

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Louise Bennett’s “Pond”**

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Translating Style - Navigating the Depths of Claire-Louise Bennett's "Pond"

Diplomski rad

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Zadar, 2024.



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Zadar, 19. rujna 2024.

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## 1 Introduction

The curious case of translation and translating makes one wonder, as a consumer of literature, film and other forms of translated media, how “accurate” the work is in the receiving language. Or, at least it should make people wonder. However, it is thought about only by those dealing with the art of words on a daily basis – professors, students, and linguists of any sorts. Any other ordinary reader will not for a split second think about that the book they are reading is actually a translation, originating from another language and as such tied to another culture. If the translation suffices, no one will notice. The translator will remain invisible. That could be the optimal goal of translating – being so adept at using words in different languages that the act of translation is not noticeable as the text remains fully cohesive and intelligible.

The question arises of what to do with a text that defies the notion of a “smooth transition” into another language. What if a translation should be a nearly non-sensical, wonderful chaos of letters and characters because the original text demands it to be so? Such is the case of Claire-Louise Bennett and her writing, here studied on the example of *Pond*, a literary nightmare for every critic who likes a clear-cut genre and technique. Pigeonholing it into a category is impossible as the author herself cannot classify it as either a novel or a collection of short stories. Her style of writing is specific, wrapped around the stream of consciousness, but it is lyrical, its syntax complex and all those elements combined add to the tone and the voice of the narrator. This is especially hard to transfer with credibility into Croatian as the grammatical categories require different rules than English ones and the original syntax would make it difficult to read the text in Croatian if translated literally.

Four selected stories are translated from Bennett’s collection *Pond*, first published in 2015, and they will help to investigate the translation processes that took place and to assess whether they even function in Croatian. Translating style is always tricky as the author of the

original imposed the meaning of the text and the general message that is to be transferred. Having the freedom to do as they see fit, translators choose on their own accord what to do in translation. Literal and free translation, generally speaking, make room for all translation approaches that are to be studied in the thesis to influence the final result of the translation, i.e., how visible the translator is. The translation theory dealing with translating style will give insight into the methods one can apply to a translation and what are the obligations of a translator with regards to the source text. The translation approaches have changed through history, starting to develop as early as 1<sup>st</sup> century BCE and evolving to, in the technological era, the computational analysis of translation. However, to successfully define the style of a translation, literary style will be studied first, focusing on the original text – Claire-Louise Bennett’s *Pond*. The thesis will also deal with the issue of the translator freely opting for a translation method, or more of them, to actively participate in the process of co-creating the literary work, together with the author of the original text.

A question is then to be answered, can style even be translated? If so, which of the translating methods are the “correct” ones to achieve the “best” translation, or is the translator’s freedom to intervene in the text meddling with the original and changing it into something new? The visibility of the translator will be studied as the crucial element of literary works in translation as it can affect how the text is perceived in other cultures, i.e., if the text has managed to be in translation what it already is in the original.



## 2 Literary Style

There are no matters in life that do not have someone's signature on it. The same applies to literature – each book bears a mark of its author. It can be recognized across the opus of a writer that the same person wrote it, or it can be seen how their style evolved because the more works they have written, the harder it is to recognise the aspects of their style. The trick is, in translation, to keep the author's style intact, especially if taken into consideration that the translation has its own author with their own style – the translator.

During history, literature changed greatly and each literary era developed certain patterns that make it recognisable, i.e., anyone remotely familiar with literature will easily place together works such as *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*, which were written in the Classical Period, or realise that *Romeo and Juliet*, which belong to the Renaissance literature, is not from the same time period as Emily Bronte's *Jane Eyre* and Charles Dickens's *Oliver Twist*. This, too, affects the literary style of an author as they can be influenced by the popularized techniques of their time on the piece they are writing.

Exploring an author's style means taking account of various elements of their writing, including the language they opt for, syntax, punctuation, the voice they assign to their characters and the tone of their literary work. These aspects are especially easy to detect if examined in comparison to someone else's work or to linguistic norms. Another way to notice 'style' is if we assume that style is represented by repetitive choices made by the author, or as Leech and Short claim, to see "what is distinctive about the style of a certain corpus or text, we work out the frequencies of the features it contains and then measure these figures against equivalent figures which are 'normal' for the language in question" (35).

The narrative form changes according to the literary conventions of a given time, with the latest being the Post-modern period, starting after World War II. Time-wise, Bennett's

writing belongs to this era, as it was published in 2015. The most distinctive characteristic of the postmodern writing “prominently in Samuel Beckett and other authors of the literature of the absurd – is to subvert the foundations of our accepted modes of thought and experience to reveal the meaninglessness of existence and the underlying “abyss,” or “void,” or “nothingness” on which any supposed security is conceived to be precariously suspended” (Abrams 168-169). But even when looking into some earlier literature from the Modernist period, such as Joyce’s *Ulysses* (1922), it is visible that the syntax and the narration, among other aspects, have been greatly disrupted when compared to literary characteristics of earlier prose by using the stream of consciousness. As Claire-Louise Bennett is undoubtedly a part of some version of the stream-of-consciousness genre, her work will be investigated through that lens and in connection to its characteristics.

## 2.1 Stream of Consciousness

“Stream of Consciousness was a phrase used by William James in his *Principles of Psychology* (1890) to describe the unbroken flow of perceptions, thoughts, and feelings in the waking mind; it has since been adopted to describe a narrative method in modern fiction” (Abrams 298). Meaning, the reader is presented with the never-ending stream of everything that makes a character who they are by expressing with words what runs in one’s subconscious; as the emotions, thoughts and observations come to their own mind, they are then presented to the reader – no embellishing or clarifying. Abrams also states that “(...) the name applied specifically to a mode of narration that undertakes to reproduce, without a narrator’s intervention, the full spectrum and continuous flow of a character’s mental process, in which sense perceptions mingle with conscious and half-conscious thoughts, memories, expectations, feelings, and random associations (299).

### 2.1.1 Stream of Consciousness Techniques

However, the stream of consciousness as a genre can have varying techniques for achieving it. Robert Humphrey claims that it is a mystery “(...) whether it is being used to designate the bird of technique or the beast of genre – and we are startled to find the creature designated is most often a monstrous combination of the two” (1). Humphrey goes on to denote four general classifications of techniques used to administer stream of consciousness, and those are: direct interior monologue, indirect interior monologue, omniscient description, and soliloquy.

According to *Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel*, the interior monologue was first used in 1887 by Édouard Dujardin in his novel *Les Lauriers sont coupés*. It showcases the inner unuttered processes and contents of the character’s mind. Direct interior monologue “presents consciousness directly to the reader with negligible author interference and no auditor assumed” (25), i.e., there is no direct speech like “he said” and the character is not speaking to anyone. What differentiates it from a soliloquy is that its purpose is not to convey any specific information, but rather to transfer into the written word the incoherent thoughts of the protagonist. Also, the directness of this monologue is visible in the first-person pronoun and the author does not interfere with the text and does not add any explanations to the text – everything said comes only from the character.

In contrast, indirect interior monologue uses third person, and sometimes the second person pronouns, to bring to the readers, directly from the character’s mind, their thought process. In addition, the author is omniscient and all-present in the text.

The omniscient description, executed by the author, is quite self-explanatory in itself. In the stream-of-consciousness novel, however, the author will through the omniscient description portray the thinking of a character, but will have to incorporate the help of syntax

and other aspects of the text to achieve it. Dorothy Richardson is said to be one of the first authors to implement the stream of consciousness as we know it in her novels, one of which is *Pilgrimage*. The novel is an example of how omniscient description functions in the text as Richardson uses the third person singular to describe the deepest thoughts of her character.

The last technique, briefly mentioned already, is the soliloquy. In this case, there is a formal and immediate audience that is being informed of something. The character will speak their own mind, figuratively and sometimes, literally (Humphrey 23-35). In Steinberg's *The Stream-of-Consciousness Technique in the Modern Novel*, there is a distinction between a spoken soliloquy and a silent one. The spoken soliloquy is a monologue with structure and coherence. A silent one is concerned with inner, silent thoughts simply being organized into words and it could be used interchangeably with the monologue interior (Steinberg 157). It can also be argued that Shakespeare, in his spoken soliloquies, exhibited the use of stream of consciousness, achieved by the deviation of standard syntax (Dahl 12).

Stream of consciousness allows the audience to feel like the author is not present and they are in direct contact with the character and their life. The degree of this, however, depends on the technique the author chooses. In general, it can be said that stream of consciousness gives the biggest insight into the human psyche compared to other types of narration as there is no apparent intermediary between the reader and the character.

What Claire-Louise Bennett does with her narrative is that she achieves the world in her collection of short stories, *Pond*, to be an enclosed, self-contained bubble in which her unnamed character, the woman, is free to experience and express herself as she sees fit. She lives a solitary existence but is not necessarily lonely. Her mind is captured by the tiniest details of her day which to some seem irrelevant, but to her are equally important as some big life matters. Her life is static, not adventurous in the traditional sense, but to her, the excitement is brought on by the simplest of things.

In terms of *Pond*, the woman is mostly alone in the scenes, meaning she is not conversing with anyone. The only point of view the readers are met with is hers – the narrator is not all-knowing and she confuses the reader as she also questions her own actions, or debunks herself in some way. As there are no author's interruptions in any way, in-text or in the form of footnotes and endnotes, it is easy to become consumed by her words and the world as she sees it. However, the occasional fantastical element does appear in Bennett's stories, like the 'monster' in "Lady of the House." The first mention of it came completely out of nowhere and the story does not revolve around it – it is just sort of there, but its purpose is unknown and whether it carries a metaphorical meaning or not. As there are no dialogues in the text, there is no opposition to the woman's monologic telling of the story, furthermore proving it fits in the stream-of-consciousness genre and the technique applied is the direct interior monologue.

Even when it comes to the protagonist's own doings, the reader is meant to believe her completely as there is no omniscient narrator to keep the plot "clear" of doubts, but as it will be shown in a paragraph from a short story named "Words Escape Me" in *Pond*, this is not always the case:

I don't know why I came to stop standing there and shut the door. Or maybe I didn't shut the door. That's more like it. I came to stop standing there, but I didn't shut the door because – I remember now – being at the desk – I was sitting, sitting at the – sitting and looking out – it's quite clear to me that that's how it was. And perhaps what I thought was, it all looks so very alive it might move – wouldn't that be right – it will all move down this way and come in through the door, and perhaps in through the windows too. Perhaps I thought something like that, sitting there, at the desk, looking up at the outside.  
(Bennett 165)

## 2.2 Grammar and Syntax

Another important way to facilitate the stream of consciousness is through linguistic forms. Dorrit Cohn in her *Transparent Minds: Narrative Modes for Presenting Consciousness in Fiction* deals with the question of grammar and syntax in this genre, and Geoffrey Leech's and Mick Short's *Style in Fiction* are also going to be of great importance for the following paragraphs. *Style in Fiction* will serve as a blueprint for examining *Pond* using its checklist of linguistic and stylistic categories, and those are lexical category, grammatical category, figures of speech, cohesion, and context (61-64).

Bennett's short stories, "Morning, Noon & Night," "The Lady of the House," and "To a God Unknown," are written in the first person singular, while "Old Ground" is in the third person singular, and they are going to be the focal points of the upcoming paragraphs. However, Bennett plays with how the story is told throughout *Pond* as she switches between first person singular in the aforementioned stories, first person plural (in "Voyage in the Dark"), and third person singular (also in "Two Weeks Since" and "Wishful Thinking"). Changing the point of view can distance the reader from the story as it can be confusing to switch from page to page between the grammatical numbers and not knowing anymore who the story is about. Then there is also the issue of Bennett never fully stating whether *Pond* is a novel, made of chapters, or a collection of short stories. Knowing which it is would possibly make it easier for the audience to switch from story to story in case of a change of the point of view as they could expect it.

Norman Friedman writes about the point of view in fiction and discerns eight points of it, one of them concerned with "I" as a protagonist, saying that the "author has shifted the narrative burden to (one of) the chief character(s), viz. the "protagonist-narrator" (Friedman qtd in Steinberg 21). This principle can be applied to the three stories examined in this paper. On the other hand, Cohn claims that: "Contrary to what one might have expected, therefore, the

first-person narrator has less free access to his own past psyche than the omniscient narrator of third-person fiction has to the psyches of his characters” (144). In a way, it does make sense as in the first-person narration the audience is presented with the subjective opinions and perspectives of a character, which are not necessarily true, while the omniscient narrator has insight into both versions of events – what really happened, and what the character perceives had happened.

The unusual use of syntax and grammar add to the feeling of incomplete and complex thoughts, further solidifying the spontaneity of the stream of consciousness. Also, interestingly, when looking into the types of clauses Bennett uses, the search for *that*-clause proved fruitless as there was not a single use of the word ‘that’ anywhere in *Pond*, not as a pronoun, determiner, conjunction or adverb. Most obviously, the naturalness of the stream of consciousness is achieved with the help of punctuation. It is usually used to create a pause or emphasize a certain element of the sentence, but by completely not using it or using it sparsely, the rhythm of the text changes and when combined with long sentences, the text can become “dense” and hard to go through. For instance:

Pears don’t mix well. Pears should always be the small and organised nose to tail in a bowl of their very own and perhaps very occasionally introduced to a stem of the freshest red currants, which ought not to be hoisted like a mantle across the freckled belly of the topmost pear, but strewn a little further down so that some of the scarlet berries loll and bask between the slowly shifting gaps. (Bennett 4).

If this paragraph was read with pauses only where the punctuation is, i.e., one full stop and two commas, the text would move along quickly, and the woman would seem to be showing a strong opinion on the position of pears in a bowl.

Opposed to that, when using punctuation to break apart the sentence, the pace of the text is much slower and it is as if the narrator's mind is much more focused and concentrated on what she is talking about, especially in the example below:

And I didn't say anything, not a word, about the creature beneath the water. No mention of the monster. The flowers are lovely instead, especially the roses. Oh yes, you say. They're high enough that I don't see Mary getting out of her car. I don't have to see her anymore, walking by and going into her house – it's nice actually" (Bennett 169).

Cohn argues that narrators will nearly always state their opinions and thoughts of the present rather than the past and then "(...) their basic grammar coincides with that of a monologist, no matter how well defined their narrative presentation or how traditional their narrative language" (187). What Cohn observed here is also applicable to *Pond* – the narrator uses the present as she goes through the day to express herself, but is not shying away from going back to the past and using the past tense when reminiscing about previous experiences.

### **2.3 Language and Words and Everything In-between**

Leech and Short state that "(...) every writer necessarily makes choices of expression, and that it is in these choices, in a particular 'way of putting things', that style resides" (16). The sentence length is another indicator of style. Bennett's writing is specific in the way she words a phrase, with either a large sum of words, spanning a couple of lines, or only a few words long, for example:

Wow it's so still. Isn't it eerie. Oh yes. So calm. Everything's still. That's right. Look at the rowers – look at how fast the rowers are going. Ominous – yes, like the calm before the storm. If you like. Look at the rowers! (Bennett 165).



Actually for all they know this kind of thing is going on all the time just behind them without them noticing – though in some area of themselves they are aware, naturally, of what is going on – and this is why, from time to time, they behave in a way that, in the normal scheme of things, seems utterly irrational and unprovoked – because of this chimerically transcribed influence that they have zero conscious knowledge of (170-171).

Bennett will also dedicate a whole chapter/story to a seemingly random object, like in “Stir-fry”, only 35 words long. Can this even be classified as a short story? It seems more to be a part of the “55 fiction” movement, which has a single rule of the prose being written in 55 words, or less. Another example is “Oh, Tomato Puree!”, which is two paragraphs long and is consisted of 89 words and is fully dedicated to, obviously, a tube of tomato puree.

Another marker of Bennett’s writing is using rather formal words to denote objects which have a simpler version, one more “approachable” to a wider audience, like ‘innocuous’ (Bennett 5), ‘ostentatious’ (111), and ‘cantilevered’ (123). Her vocabulary is very specific and the narrator seems to show that she is highly academically educated by making these subconscious linguistic choices. Also, it can be noticed there is a large amount of adverbs of all sorts used in her texts.

“Bennett uses abstract or immaterial words to describe material, physical actions and phenomena. This creates an interpretive challenge: in what way does the verb apply to its object? Figuratively or literally?” (Purvis 68). Purvis then goes on to use the example from “Words Escape Me” of a ‘small sharp thing,’ which came down the chimney, fell into a bucket and disappeared, or is “absorbed at least, withdrawn, anyhow, from all visible possibility” (Bennett 163). Logically, the item cannot be literally absorbed, but “the narrator does seem to be making a literal statement of some kind: that the object has been ‘withdrawn’ from her cognitive or phenomenological experience of it; that withdrawal or absorption is what has

happened, conceptually or experientially” (Purvis 69). Bennett refuses to clarify the meaning as she is, in her own words is “very fed up with semiotics and (...) the notion that everything is a symbol or a sign” (Maughan). Instead of semiotics, she is more interested in phenomenology, a philosophy which argues that all meaning derives from the lived experience in life (Armstrong). In literature and translation, the signifier and the signified, as per Saussure, are how it is generally considered that meaning is conveyed to the reader. But, with Bennett rejecting this principle, things get complicated in an already complex text.

Her views are visible from the book cover and its title – ‘Pond.’ In the book, there are multiple mentions of the ‘pond’ near the woman’s home and the feelings the narrator exhibits towards it are irritation and exasperation. That is, she disagrees with the fact that there is a sign next to it declaring the pond a ‘pond’ as she sees no purpose in stating the obvious and questions what the sign does for those who encounter it. However, Bennett then goes on to name the whole book *Pond*. It can be assumed that she did so to show the disconnect between the meaning and the actual word – there is more to it but the surface-level meaning of the word that denotes it, just like there is more essence in the experience one will go through when reading her book than in the mere existence of words on paper.

The titular pond that is near the narrator’s house operates as a metaphor for the narrator’s insular existence that rarely interacts with others but nevertheless contains a life of its own. (...) A pond reflects the narrative’s structural and thematic elements by presenting a fluid consistency within itself yet remaining distinctly separate from its surroundings, refusing to blend in. (*Avenging Nature* 87)

As there is no clear, obvious meaning, the seclusion of the woman is more palpable to the reader, just not in the conventional way.

Another technique often seen in the stream-of-consciousness, also noticeable in Bennett’s writing, is the repetitive use of certain words to emphasize the fixation on something

the character observed. “Oatcakes along with it can be nice, the rough sort. The rough sort of oatcake goes especially well with a banana by the way – by the way, the banana might be chilled slightly” (Bennett 3). Through this, she can convey the unpredictability of the human mind by breaking the sentence apart and abruptly pausing it by using the expression ‘by the way’ twice. ‘The rough sort of oatcake’ is also repeated in the two sentences and it shows that her thoughts run in the subconscious and that the woman is not aware of her deep focus on the types of breakfast she likes to consume. The mind is not logical so it can make the language concise and clear as the thought process used in the example above could have been said much more straightforwardly.

## 2.4 Voice and Tone

Attributing elements to style are voice and tone as well. The two are interlinked in a way that, e.g., author’s use of humour or irony will make the tone lighter but it will also constitute the voice as it is coming personally from the author. Both are affected by the vocabulary used and the syntax the author opted for.

Examined in *Pond*, particularly in “Lady of the House,” the tone is at the beginning quite mellow, but with the first mention of the monster it changes. It becomes unsettling, as if the monster is lurking somewhere and one is never sure when it is going to come out because it was completely unexpected in the plot. The tone also feels quite serious, but only because we experience everything through the character/narrator – the woman, who is a “serious” person so she also influences the tone. However, it sometimes seems like a subtle joke given that she describes everything to its minutest detail like she is mocking the irrationalities of the everyday. Throughout her collection of short stories, one can also notice the irony she uses in monologues which adds to the critical voice of the character. Bennett’s imagery is rich and her writing can sound very lyrical, making the tone more elevated than it would be if she wrote in a lower

register with simpler vocabulary. The protagonist is sensory-focused and describes all things around her in terms of their smell, the sound they produce, and the texture they have, all of which affect how she feels about them.

On the other hand, the authorial voice is also a multitude of elements, some of which were already discussed in the previous chapter, like the use of vocabulary, length and complexity of sentences, etc. To further define it, and not to be too on the nose, the authorial voice is what is “heard” of the author in their literature – their writing is recognisable because of it. Of Bennett’s voice it can be said that it is loquacious and clever. It has already been claimed that she goes from lengthy sentences to short ones. The longer passages, especially the ones with longer sentences and with not many or any paragraph breaks, make the plot slow-paced and it is fairly common that the reader will be more prone to losing interest in the text. Also, what affects the voice is the amount of dialogues, as opposed to monologues or descriptions. Dialogues speed the pace up because the plot becomes an interaction and it holds the interest of the reader more easily (Vance, *Yamuses*).

However, often there is a distinction between the authorial voice and character voice, especially if there are more characters because they all differ from each other and have their own personalities. In *Pond*, more often than not, the protagonist/the narrator is equalized with the author. The short story collection does have some autobiographical elements, as Bennett also chose to live a solitary life in the countryside, like the woman in the stories. Just like Bennett grapples with the complexities of isolation and the details of life, the woman also explores those themes. The introspectiveness of the protagonist extends to the existential questions Bennett is concerned with. It can be said that the line between the two is blurred, even more so because Bennett mainly writes in the first-person singular as if she is expressing her questions and concerns through the unnamed woman.

### 3 Translating Style

With everything that was stated about literary style and the stylistic analysis of Bennett's writing, with the focus being on a selection of short stories, the second part of the thesis will deal with translating the said style and translation approaches that will help examine the attached translations. However, not all translation theorists will be discussed as some showed to be of more importance for this particular thesis during the research phase as their work contributed more to the translation of style, and it would prove extremely time-consuming and, in the end, unfruitful for the main objective to study all those who contributed to developing general translation theory.

One of the more important works in the field of translation dedicated to translating style is Mona Baker's "Towards a Methodology for Investigating the Style of a Literary Translator." As Baker says, "Translation studies has inherited from literary studies its preoccupation with the style of individual creative writers and from linguistics the preoccupation with the style of social groups of language users" (241). Not only is Baker taking into consideration the style of the original text, but she is also considering the fact that the translation may be influenced by its translator and their style. Starting in the last century, scholars have been trying to explain style in translation, most notably House (1977/1981, 1997) and Joos (1961). This stemmed from the belief that style originates from either the individual style of an author, register and language conditioned by institutional setting, or that it is influenced by the historical era the work is written in (Baker 242-243). Previous chapters offered an elaboration on all these factors using the examples from Claire-Louise Bennett's *Pond* in order to define the author's literary style. However, the goal of most translation approaches is to detect the features of the source text that are then to be transferred in translation in order to preserve the original style. The translator, as most approaches suggest, should not be visible in the translation – the point is to be invisible

so that the source text seems like it was always original to the target language. However, Baker claims that that is impossible as no one can separate themselves so far from the original text that the translation is fully objective and a perfect “transfer” to another language (244).

By firstly defining style as a mixture of linguistic and non-linguistic features, and those would be the translator’s voice, their choice of which type of text to translate, and the use of translation strategies (preface and afterword, footnotes etc.), Baker claims that the focus should also be on patterns that the translator created based on their linguistic choices (245). This being said, it is easier to comment on the preservation of the style of the original text when there are two or more translations available. In that case, the works of the translators can be compared against each other to see who achieved the best result in terms of the translation “feeling” the most like the original text. Baker has compared translations of different literary works done by two translators, Peter Clark and Peter Bush, but kept the comparison focused on the same elements of their translations to make it the most equitable. This would be even easier if comparing the same literary work translated by different people into the same language. However, that is not possible with Bennett because as of yet, besides the ones included at the end of this thesis, there are no other existing Croatian translations of *Pond*. Furthermore, it is important to find out the motivation behind different stylistic patterns chosen by the author (and the translator) to be able to explain them: “the source language, the author, a given sociolect, or the translator. This is what makes the stylistic analysis of translated text particularly problematic: there are, in a sense, two ‘authors,’ two languages and two sociolects involved, and the analyst must find a way to disentangle these variables” (Baker 258).

One of the most notable names in the stream-of-consciousness genre is definitely that of James Joyce, one of the pioneers of modernism known for *Ulysses* (1922) and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916), among his other works. His experimental use of language and narrative techniques influenced the foreign audience to expect “linguistic games to be so

many as to be impossible to translate, the translator thus being relieved of any responsibility for having failed to re-create the complexity of the original” (Parks 57). This can be applied to Bennett, too, especially because she opposes the literary theory and would rather not assign objects meaning in the traditional sense (Purvis 39). In the context of, again, James Joyce, Parks claims that “(...) the problem for the translator when faced with a text like this is not merely the linguistic one of rendering what the original words appear to say, but the problem of interpretation, or rather the question: to what range of interpretation does the original leave itself open? (Parks 65). With Bennett abandoning semiotics and turning more to phenomenology, avoiding all clear meaning and even going so far as to complain about seeing no need for it, the question is how to translate the seemingly untranslatable.

Coming back to Baker and translating a particular style, what is clear in the essay is that the translator is actively participating in the process of creating the final version of the text, i.e., the translation. The work behind a translator is a creative one as they influence the text by making distinctive choices. Baker’s corpus-based approach of finding patterns in a translator’s body of work allows for the systematic analysis of the translator’s style, like the frequency of using certain expressions and phrases, or if they opt more for literal or free translation. On the other hand, perhaps Baker is too focused on the qualitative side of the analysis, missing out on the creativity of the translation as the possible motivation behind certain choices can be also contextual and affected by the original text, or aesthetic, e.g., in poetry to achieve the symmetry of form.

### **3.1 Fidelity and Invisibility through the History**

Approaches to fidelity to the text through history changed according to linguistic movements and cultural shifts of the time. Along came the expectation of how a translator should deal with the text before him, i.e., what is the ‘proper’ way of translating. Debates have

been ongoing to whether a translator should stay faithful to the original text, fully adjust it to the receiving audience, or find the middle ground between the two.

In close proximity to fidelity to the original comes the translator's (in)visibility in the text. It can be said that literary works, unlike scientific and technical texts, allow the translator to freely make choices of the degree of intervention, i.e., are they sticking to the original to the point that it can be noticed the text is translated because it is, partially or fully, a word-for-word translation that does not blend with the receiving culture and audience, and therefore the translator is visible. Or, there are interventions in the text to smooth it out so it seems as if it is not a translated work, and the translator is not visible in this case. This principle will further be investigated within some of the approaches to translation.

Among numerous translation techniques, one of the oldest ones is what Bassnett and Lefevere call "the Jerome Model", named after St Jerome who translated the Latin version of the Bible, known as Vulgate. This concept proposes following how St Jerome translated, which is keeping the translation completely faithful to the original to the point that it is only transposed into another language (2). Of course, what St Jerome translated is considered "a holy book," so it was done by using equivalence to preserve its holiness. Modern literature does not require this level of wariness and, in some cases, the author will commend the translator on doing something innovative. For example, J.R.R. Tolkien wrote a guide ("The Nomenclature of The Lord of the Rings") to help translators who are to work on *The Lord of the Rings*, stating which terms should be simply transferred into their native language as they are, and which should be fully replaced with one from the target language, even when it comes to proper nouns. On the other hand, St Jerome actually stated that his principle of following a word-for-word translation applies only to the translations of the Bible, not to non-sacred translations from Greek. In that case he recommended using a sense-for-sense translation as that is to only way to produce a



intelligible translation (Munday 20). In St Jerome alone the two opposing principles are visible, the literal and free translation.

While discussing the various models or approaches to translation, Bassnett and Lefevere talk about “the Horace Model,” named after the Roman poet Horace, who advocated fidelity to the translation, but unlike St Jerome, who was in the case of the Bible radically faithful to the original, Horace was faithful to his customers and translated in a way that they needed him to do it. The point was to make the translation maximally comprehensible to the readership and to transfer the original effect. He did go on to name Latin as the ‘privileged’ language, as English is today, and everything in the text can be subjected to accommodate that language (3-4).

Another Roman writer, Cicero advocated sense-for-sense translation in the speeches of the Greek orators, rather than word-for-word, giving translators a controversially large amount of freedom (Weissbort and Eysteinnsson 19). The goal was to make a strong effect on the listeners of his oratories by accommodating the language to them (Munday 19). However, in his *De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum* he advocated the exchange of Greek expressions for Latin ones in translations to Latin, and also using Greek loanwords if necessary (Weissbort and Eysteinnsson 21).

Generally speaking, these methods, together with the Schleiermacher Model, which will be discussed later on, are ‘ground zero’ for the translation approaches that came later in time as theorists have built on them to develop more formal methodologies, some of which will be discussed in upcoming chapters. All the approaches can be compared against each of the three methods to identify, in a rudimentary manner, where their origin is. Today it is important to recognise that different types of text require a different approach to translating it. Even St Jerome suggested something among these lines as he claimed that translation should be understandable, standing for sense-for-sense translation, whilst his biblical translations were literal, word-for-word translations. This will also dictate how much freedom a translator can

have, e.g. technical and scientific texts need to convey a clear message, and the language usually has to be concise and straightforward, whereas fiction will differ in register from the two previously mentioned types of texts and can be more creative and lyrical.

## **3.2 Approaches to Translation**

As it was previously stated, not all translation theories will be examined in the upcoming chapter. The chosen principle during research was approaching the topic from a theoretical and a practical point of view. It was decided that Friedrich Schleiermacher will be studied in the thesis, as he laid the groundwork for modern translation theory, and theorists have built upon his methodology, Lawrence Venuti included. Venuti further advocated for an ethical approach to translating, leaving text fluency behind and questioning translator's invisibility. Jean-Paul Vinay and Jean Darbelnet offered a practical approach to analysing and doing translations, and Eugen Nida differs from the rest of the theorists included here as he prioritized readability, over foreignization of a text.

### **3.2.1 Schleiermacher's Naturalizing and Alienating Method**

Friedrich Schleiermacher worked in the period of German Romanticism and is notable for his lecture "On the Different Methods of Translating," during which he stated that "the reader [should] be brought to the author, that the reader learns to accept 'alienation', or what would now be called foreignization of translations" (Weissbort and Eysteinson 205). In relation to faithfulness to the text, the fidelity in this case is to the original text and the linguistic and cultural aspects of it. His work is mostly based on the Latin-German translations, and vice versa. Schleiermacher distinguishes two types of translators, the 'Dolmetschen,' who translate commercial-type texts, and 'Übersetzer,' who deal with creative and academic texts (Weissbort and Eysteinson 205).

Methods that he proposes are either bringing the author to the reader, i.e., the text is translated in a way the author would have written it if they spoke the target language, or bringing the reader to the author. Of the former method, Schleiermacher argues that the actual result is imitation. Therefore, the only viable option is the latter one, “perfect in its kind when one can say that if the author had learnt German as well as the translator has learnt Latin he would not have translated the work he originally wrote in Latin any differently than the translator has done” (Schleiermacher qtd in Weissbort and Eysteinsson 205). However, he also goes on to state that not every language can do such a thing because foreignizing will make the translation that much harder to read (Schleiermacher qtd in Weissbort and Eysteinsson 206). Like this, the alienation is pronounced as the reader cannot relate to the described terms or practices as he/she is not familiar with them, but must accept the fact that the text is foreign and that there is a distance between them and the described world.

On the other hand, a proper translator, who serves as an intermediary between the author and the reader, will move the author towards the reader, meaning he will focus on the target language and make the translation seem as if it was originally written in that language, rather than it even deriving from a different source language (Schleiermacher qtd in Weissbort and Eysteinsson 205). The goal is to reproduce the meaning in the target language, as the translator will opt for equivalents existing in the target language, and not to imitate – and that is the naturalizing method. Such a translation is far more understandable to the reader as it is within their own cultural and linguistic range. In pertaining to the conversations of translator’s invisibility, a translation so “smooth” that it reads as the original is never going to showcase the translator because they have, in a way, erased their own existence from the text. Alienating approach makes the translator faithful to the foreign in the text, but it also proves the translator actively chose to keep those elements.

Schleiermacher goes on to state that it is impossible to combine the two methods as that would make the text “unintelligible” and it can be noticed that he prefers the alienation, claiming that the text should “retain a sense of the strange” and it would still connect to the reader, but can also see the advantages of both methods. In both methods, the reader is the important variable as the methods’ success is only measured by how the readers accept the text. Antoine Berman considered Schleiermacher’s view on alienation as the “ethics of translation, concerned with making the translated text a place where a cultural other is manifested” (Weissbort and Eysteinsson 548), what will later show relevant when discussing Lawrence Venuti’s views on translation.

### **3.2.2 Vinay and Darbelnet’s Direct and Oblique Translation**

Vinay’s and Darbelnet’s studies will be examined through their paper “A Methodology for Translation.” They name two general methods, the direct and the oblique translation. The duo claims that some translations can transfer the whole source language message into the target language as there are parallels in the two languages, denoting the direct translation, but if there are gaps in the target language, the translator has to fill them with corresponding elements. They also accept the fact that some elements simply cannot function in the target language without modifying anything in the text and if the direct translation techniques cannot be applied, then the required methods are typical of oblique translation (Vinay and Darbelnet 84). At times, several techniques will have to be applied to the same text, maybe even the same sentence, and they can be applied to the lexical and the syntactical level, but also to the message being transferred (Vinay and Darbelnet 92). Direct translation techniques are closer to literal translation, i.e., the translator is staying close to the original text and is faithful to its form. This signals that there *is* a translator and the text being read is a translation.

The first three methods are the direct translation ones. They can be compared with what Cicero thought about leaving Greek phrases in Latin translations if there were no other appropriate options, but they are just differing in degree of doing so in these three methods. Firstly, Vinay and Darbelnet describe *borrowing*. This procedure is quite straightforward as it is based on borrowing words or expressions directly from the source language without translating them. It is mostly used for processes or concepts that fully do not exist in the receiving culture. An example is 'pizza,' a word that was borrowed by many languages and it is now part of the lexicon of the target language due to being so integrated (Vinay and Darbelnet 85).

Secondly, they expand on borrowing by introducing *calques*. The structure or a phrase is directly translated into the target language, word for word, denoting a structural calque, or a lexical one. Lexical calques will respect the target language syntax, but introduce a new expression, and structural ones only introduce a completely new construction (Vinay and Darbelnet 85-86).

The last direct translation procedure is the *literal translation*. It denotes the direct transfer to the target language while maintaining the original grammatical and idiomatic structure. Vinay and Darbelnet also state that this technique functions best when the languages originate from the same family, like Italian and French. It indicates the word-for-word translation (86-87).

They proceed with the oblique translation techniques, the first of which is *transposition*. It involves changing the grammatical structure from one part of speech to another in the process of translation. One can differentiate between obligatory transposition and optional transposition. The first expression is the base expression, and the second one is the transposed one. The translator has to decide if the transposed form makes more sense in the expression, and it is usually literary (Vinay and Darbelnet 88).

Next is *modulation*. This procedure revolves around changing the perspective on the form of the expression, for example, “it’s easy” to “it’s not difficult,” or changing the word category. Modulations can be free or fixed, depending on the degree of use of an expression (Vinay and Darbelnet 89).

Another oblique procedure they name is *equivalence*. Vinay and Darbelnet claim that most equivalences are fixed and are generally phraseological, i.e., idiomatic, proverbial phrases, onomatopoeia. Phrases like those cannot be translated word-for-word so the translator must find an equivalent form in the target language to preserve meaning (Vinay and Darbelnet 90).

The last technique described in “A Methodology for Translation” is *adaptation*. In this case, the meaning of a certain word or phrase is unknown to the target audience because it is a culturally-specific item. It is also known as “situational equivalence.” The translator must choose to adapt a term to bring the text closer to the audience, but all while staying respectful of the source language and culture (Vinay and Darbelnet 91). This technique especially relates to translator’s invisibility making the translation seem as the original, but other oblique translation techniques do, too.

### 3.2.3 Venuti’s Domestication and Foreignization

Of importance for this thesis are also the books *The Translator’s Invisibility: A History of Translation* and *The Scandals of Translation*, written by Lawrence Venuti, who opposes the notion of the translator being neutral and stands up for keeping the foreign elements present, all based on historical evidence, making this the genealogical method (Weissbort and Eysteinson 546). At the heart of his principles are the cultural and political implications of translation and how they can impact the foreign elements of the text and he makes out two methods of approaching the translation, domestication and foreignization. As seen in the chapters above, Vinay and Darbelnet’s oblique techniques domesticate the translation and erase the cultural

elements of the original, therefore affecting the translator's visibility and clashing with how Venuti feels about the aforementioned. His arguments are more in line with Schleiermacher's alienation, or Vinay and Darbelnet's direct translation techniques.

In his book *The Translator's Invisibility: A History of Translation*, he uses the term 'invisibility' to refer to the position of the translator in the text. Venuti goes on to claim that when a translated text in the source language bears no marks of the source language or culture, it is completely "transparent" and easy to go through, and the translation then seems to be exactly *not that* – it is not a translation, but it appears as the "original." This principle has shown to be crucial for the position of translators in general, but also it can be seen that it is a question appearing in all other translation approaches, even throughout this thesis. "The more fluent the translation, the more invisible the translator, and, presumably, the more visible the writer or meaning of the foreign text" (Venuti, *Translator's Invisibility* 1). Also, if the translator is more visible, then his work can be more appreciated, and it can encourage conversations about the actual role of the translator in the text. The issue then arises, according to Venuti, with the question of authorship. The author expresses themselves in the original, but the translation is only a derivative, a copy, but it is supposed to feel like the author's original. Like that, the translator's authorship is being entirely questioned. The translator, according to Venuti, also has the right to participate in the creative process, as opposed to not showing the process of translating, which then leads to the translator not having any authorship rights (*The Scandals of Translation* 31-32). Similarly, Mona Baker stated that: "If translation is a creative activity, (...) then translators cannot simply be 'reproducing' what they find in the source text – somewhere along the line each translator must be leaving a personal imprint on the new text" (Baker 262).

Weissbort and Eysteinnsson quote Venuti on the principle that "the violence of translation resides in its very purpose and activity: the reconstitution of the foreign text in accordance with values, beliefs and representations that pre-exist it in the target language,

always configured in hierarchies of dominance and marginality, always determining the production, circulation, and reception of texts” (547). Now, as dramatic as this quote sounds, calling the domestication “violence” can lead to wrong conclusion, perhaps that the text is abusively “reduced” to something lesser just because of how the translation was approached, its uniqueness being lost. Such statements can place translators in an even worse position as they denote that they are not doing what they are supposed to but are rather bad at their jobs by being not faithful to the original text, and in relation to the original culture. It is also argued that a “hierarchy of dominance” is asserted over some languages and cultures which then become rather invisible in the world of literature. On the other hand, domesticating a text to fit the norms of the readership can push it more into the market and allow it to reach a wider audience in translation which otherwise it would not reach. However, neither extreme is the right option – the text needs to be ‘readable’ for the audience to accept it and appreciate it, but they need to appreciate it for what it is and find the beauty in the, as of yet to them, unknown elements of the story that is unfolding.

In contrast to that, Venuti claims that “insofar as foreignizing translation seeks to restrain the ethnocentric violence of translation, it is highly desirable today, a strategic cultural intervention in the current state of world affairs, pitched against the hegemonic English-language nations and the unequal cultural exchanges in which they engage their global other” (*Translator’s Invisibility* 16). Once again, Venuti highlights the need for cultural and linguistic equality and opposes the English-speaking countries’ dominance. In this manner, the translator is also responsible for the way his translation will be received in the target culture, making translating an ethical act. Keeping the foreign in the text allows cultural diversity to thrive and empowers the source culture and language.



### 3.2.4 Eugene Nida and Equivalence

Nida starts his “Principles of Correspondence” by accepting that no translation can be fully identical to the original text as there are no two identical languages. This already separates him from some scholars that were previously mentioned as it acknowledges that the source text and the translation are not one and the same, rather the translation transfers the message of the original in the target language and in the same manner showcases the importance of a translator because they are the ones who have to make choices on how the message will be transferred. The translator’s visibility plays a role here, too. However, it is important to highlight that Nida based his study on the translations of the Bible. Parallels can be made with St Jerome, who is also known for his translation of the Bible, and the way he promoted sense-for-sense translation in non-sacred texts will show to have similarities to Nida’s dynamic equivalence. It is also noted that three factors can influence the translations: the content of the message, the purpose of the author, and therefore the translator and the audience (Nida 127).

What is taken into consideration is also the purpose of the translator, which is not always simply to convey an intelligible message, but that they would like to elicit a response from the readers, perhaps an emotional one. The audience is crucial in receiving the message, which will differ depending on their interest and decoding ability and can be of varying degrees, as it differs from children to adults of high education (128).

Coming back to the translation being the equivalent of the source next, not an identical version, Nida discusses two types of equivalences, formal and dynamic. Formal equivalence is known as the literal translation as it is based on a word-for-word translation of both structure and content. The focus is on the message and keeping it as similar to the original one as possible. A common result of formal equivalence is a “gloss translations,” as form and content are recreated in the translation (Nida 129). Such an example would be texts intended for students,

translated literally to keep the structural, lexical consistency and meanings, but containing many footnotes that explain the foreign elements (Nida 134). This links him back to St Jerome's word-to-word translations of the Vulgate Bible.

On the other hand, the dynamic equivalence as an objective has the effect or cognitive response of the translated text on the receiving audience in words that they would personally use. The goal is to reproduce meaning in a way that is understandable for the readers so there are no unknowns that will need a different method of explaining, like footnotes, and to achieve the "naturalness" in the target language, like with the oblique translation methods of Vinay and Darbelnet. In other words, the target language will use its own means to try to match the relationship between the receptor and the message to the closest extent possible (Nida 129). In addition, it is necessary to be respectful of the differences in the cultures and adapt them accordingly. It can be noticed that there has been a move from the formal equivalence to the dynamic one (Nida 130).

What is also stated by Nida is that the equivalence of the translation depends on the bridge between the receiving audience and the source language and culture. If the languages and cultures are even remotely similar, it is easier to, through dynamic equivalence, create a natural translation. But, if the two are widely different and the receptor culture is not at all familiar with the source one, it cannot be expected that the translator will have an easy time adjusting the source text and that the final result will be completely effective in its main goal – creating an emotional response (Nida 136-137).

#### 4 Translating Claire-Louise Bennett and *Pond*

There is no comprehensive analysis of Bennett's work that focuses on its literary style, possibly due to it being fairly new (*Pond* was first published in 2015), but it could also be because Claire-Louise Bennett never managed to reach wide audiences in terms of, if you will, becoming a hit. So, unless literary magazines, journals and blogs picked up on it on their own, it would be hard to hear about *Pond* on the lists of best-selling novels, and the fact is that better known and respected works are explored more and have more papers written on them. Nonetheless, that does not speak on the quality of Bennett's work. The world (of) literature is merciless, and although *Pond*'s source language is English, which makes it approachable to more people, it was never chart-topping. Translation theory focused on translating style will serve as a background for studying the processes that took place by approaching the text all the while bearing in mind that it is a translation and then comparing it to the original.

To shortly sum up her collection of short stories, Bennett once stated "*Pond* is the way it is, because of the way I am, more or less" (Maughan). It is nearly impossible to differentiate between the author and the narrator. *Pond* is inspired by Bennett's surroundings, and as it is her debut literary work, it seems inevitable not to find pieces of her in it. "In *Pond* I felt that sometimes the narrator is very there and cogent, and other times she becomes more nebulous. How is it that we pull ourselves together? Writing the book was about playing with those levels of presence and absence" (Bennett qtd in Stich). Living in solitude, disobeying the generic boundaries and roaming free in her own mind, the narrator still manages to comment on very complex and poignant themes such as love, reminiscence, the connection to the world, both physical and metaphysical. All of these themes are present in the short stories translated below.

Bennett's language seems high-brow and due to this, it sounds very 'posh.' The sheer volume of words with zero to little punctuation, or too much of it, can be immensely confusing

and make it impossible to find one's way through the labyrinth of lines and paragraphs. The meaning is, then, simply lost. "*Pond* also foregrounds the dysfunction of language, and therefore exemplifies (...) literature's resistance to codified or disciplinary reading techniques" (Purvis 66). In isolation, not bothered by other things, the protagonist has the time to think about how language constructs the world around her, moving away from semiotics. A text is written almost like a confessional, with the three out of the selection of stories being written in the first person, and "Old Ground" in third-person narration.

The translation in this case needs to be respectful of the author's intention and transfer that into another language. The complex voice of the narrator and the author, the tone of loneliness, irony and sometimes unease, all combined into stream of consciousness, all are crucial elements of the original.

#### **4.1 Of Translations and Expectations**

To be able to translate these stories into a language like Croatian, it was inevitable to intervene in the text. Firstly, as Bennett dislikes the clear use of meaning, some expressions are placed in the text as neutral, open for deduction by each reader. Bennett managed to accomplish this as English does not denote grammatical gender in nouns. Gender-specific words do exist, such as woman, aunt, dad, mother, and, of course, in pronouns (he, she), but these are based on the biological sex. However, in today's modern English even with words like those it is suggested to neutralize them in favour of political correctness. On the other hand, all parts of speech are genderised. Gender automatically presumes the meaning of a word and carries context with it. Secondly, Bennett uses "you see" and "if you must know," to create a pause without having to use a comma, or to highlight a newly discovered object or a thought. In translation, it appears as "znaš" and "ako želiš znati/ako te zanima," compared to the also possible option "znate" and "ako želite znati/ako vas zanima." In this case, the issue was the

grammatical number as both third person singular and third person plural have the same form in English. It was ultimately the translator's choice to opt for only one of the possibilities in Croatian, or perhaps to mix the two. However, using the singular form creates more intimacy between the reader and the narrator, which is lost if addressing a group, especially when it is taken into consideration that the stories belong in the stream-of-consciousness genre.

The protagonist uses quite a lot of discourse markers and fillers, such as "in fact," "really," "actually," etc. In Croatian, the meaning of these words is the same, so to keep with the difference in expressions, they were translated as: "čak," "zapravo," and "stvarno."

Another somewhat common intervention was a syntactical one. Long and complex sentences, which did not always contain punctuation, were several times separated into two shorter sentences, or were separated into more clauses with the help of punctuation and different conjunctions to fit the rules of the Croatian language and be more comprehensible to the target audience.

Looking at Friedrich Schleiermacher's translation techniques of naturalizing and foreignizing, stories in their 'original state' can be read in another culture without many hiccups. There are no noticeable culture-specific elements that would be completely unknown to readers, compared to say, if the author drew from the Arabic culture and described entirely different customs to those in the Western culture. There are several mentions of French terms such as "de rigueur" and "recherché objets d'art" ("Morning, Noon & Night" 13 and 17), which were kept as they are in the translation as they contribute to the protagonist's description as an educated woman. But then again, the syntax was altered, moving towards the naturalizing method and it also immediately excludes the word-for-word translation. It also depends on who is examining a translation as it can be seen as subjective how radically one chooses to 'follow' a certain translation theory.

Mona Baker's interdisciplinary approach to analyzing a translation would most definitely offer helpful insight into the translator's style as Baker's use of computational analysis would catch even what the human eye might miss, and it could study in-depth the frequency of usage of certain terms. Baker's essay suggested that the translator cannot be invisible as they cannot separate themselves from the original, but rather their presence will add value to the overall text. In terms of identifying the style of the translator, her method would allow for the most objective and thorough study of style. However, when it comes to detecting translating methods established by other theorists, as it was mentioned in the paragraph above, another person might subjectively see this analysis completely differently to how it is shown here in the thesis. Therefore, they could arrive at different conclusions of what was done to Bennett's work, and perhaps make use of the learnt to create their own translation.

Maybe the easiest way to investigate the translator's preferred methods for the selection of Bennett's short stories is to compare the source text and the translation, or at least an excerpt. Here, the narrator reminisces about a conference she spoke at:

It had something to do with love. About the essential brutality of love. About those adventitious souls who deliberately seek out love as a prime agent of total self-immolation. Yes, that's right. It attempted to show that in the whole history of literature love is quite routinely depicted as an engulfing process of ecstatic suffering which finally, mercifully, obliterates us and delivers us to oblivion. Dismembered and packed off. Something like that. Something along those lines. I am mad about you. I am going out of my mind. My soul burns for you. I am inflamed. There is nothing now, nothing except you. Gone, quite gone. That kind of thing. I don't think it went down very well. (Bennett 10-11)

Bilo je to nešto o ljubavi. O suštinskoj brutalnosti ljubavi. O onim slučajnim dušama koje namjerno traže ljubav kako bi ih dovela do samozapaljenja. Da, tako je. Pokušala sam pokazati da je u cijeloj povijesti književnosti ljubav redovito prikazana kao proces zanesene patnje koji nas obuzima i na kraju, samilosno, uništi i dovede do zaborava. Raskomadane i zapakirane. Tako nešto. Nešto poput toga. Luda sam za tobom. Ludim. Duša mi gori za tobom. Rasplamsala sam se. Ne postoji ništa više osim tebe. Nestalo je, potpuno nestalo. Tako nešto. Mislim da nije prošlo baš dobro. (Dukić 40)

It is perhaps easier to denote which methods were not applied to the translation, rather than which were. This is not a word-for-word translation, and it is obviously focused on the target audience as the translation has been made more ‘natural,’ rather than kept as it is in terms of the syntax, meaning there is no foreignization, and it is more in tune with Nida’s dynamic equivalence. Furthermore, the translator opted for a domesticating method, simultaneously trying to make herself invisible, opposing everything Venuti preached a translator should strive to be, but once again smoothing the text for the sake of the reader. Another example of domesticating the text would be translating the idioms with their Croatian synonyms, e.g. “throw in the towel” (Bennett 18) as “mahnuti bijelom zastavom” (Dukić 54). This is also an example of Vinay’s and Darbelnet’s equivalence and it fits in the sphere of Nida’s dynamic equivalence. However, that is not to claim that the translator completely rejected foreignization, alienation, or formal equivalence. Throughout the translation, it can be noticed that there are multiple uses of different Vinay’s and Darbelnet’s procedures, mainly transposition in changing passive into active verbs, and sometimes the parts of speech to fit the sentence structure better.

The tone and the voice are preserved, as well as the stream of consciousness. Actually, it could be argued that those elements would be compromised if the translator opted not to play with the original syntactical structure as the Croatian audience would have a hard time actually understanding the meaning of the text and forming a connection to it. So, to conclude, the

translator took what she saw as useful from each theory and applied it to her translation, bearing in mind the reader, but trying to honour the author, and of course, the source text. The sense-for-sense translation can be named as the opted version in case of these short stories. Like it was stated in the chapters on the chosen translation theories, the visibility of the translator depends on the used techniques of translating. Here, it would seem that the oblique translation methods prevailed and also the text's dynamic equivalence, which can be compared to domestication, is clearly more common than its opposing party. Like that, the translator hides herself beneath the words and phrases typical to the Croatian language. However, it cannot be said that the translation disguises the original. Due to Bennett's distinctive style, its characteristics still are very much present in the translation, too.



## 4.2 Od jutra do mraka

Ponekad uz kavu dobro ide banana. Ne bi trebala biti prezrela – zapravo peteljka bi trebala biti donekle zelena i ako nije, zaboravi. No mora se priznati da je to lakše reći, nego napraviti. Na jabuke se može zaboraviti, ali ne na banane, ne potpuno. One zapravo jako loše podnose zaboravljanje. Smežuraju se i smrde na trulež i postanu gotovo potpuno crne.

Uz nju bi dobro išli i zobeni keksi, oni hrapavi. Usput, hrapavi zobeni keksi baš dobro idu uz banane – osim toga, banana može biti malo ohlađena. To se, naravno, može dogoditi preko noći u hladnjaku, ovisno o tome koliko netko planira unaprijed i je li vjeran svojoj jutarnjoj prehrani, ili, možda, a ovo je čak i poželjnije, ako postoji lijepi hladni prozor na koji se može smjestiti posuda naročito ona za voće.

Odlična uvučena široka klupica koja nije obložena drvetom, samo gipsom, lijepa i hladna: savršeno mjesto za zdjelu. U stvari, čak nekoliko, zapravo nekoliko zdjela. Klupica je toliko velika da se na nju može smjestiti tri poprilično velike zdjele a da ne izgleda pretrpano. Jako je ugodno, onda, izvaditi stvari iz bisaga i sve pažljivo posložiti u zdjele na prozoru. Patlidžan, tikvica, šparoge i malene rajčice na stabljikama zajedno izgledaju jako otmjeno i uopće ne bi bilo čudno kad bi netko osjetio iznenadni nagon u bilo koje doba dana da odjednom sjedne i pokuša paletom i kistom prenijeti egzotičan sjaj tako neukrotive skupine uzvišenog povrća, tamo na lijepom hladnom prozoru.

Kruške se ne slažu dobro. Kruške bi uvijek trebale biti male i složene jedna do druge u zasebnoj zdjeli i možda vrlo rijetko u dodiru sa stabljikom najsvježijeg crvenog ribiza, koja ne bi trebala visjeti poput plašta preko pjegastog trbuha najgornje kruške, nego položena malo niže tako da se neke od grimiznih bobica zavale i uživaju u lagano pokretnim prazninama.

Usto banane i zobeni keksi dostojna su zamjena u onim jutrima kad je vrijeme za kašu neočekivano prošlo. Ako se prisluškivalo susjeda ili su se slagali ručnici, kasno je u danu pa će

kaša, u ovom trenutku, biti vertikalna i nesnosna, poput sumornog obroka iz podzemlja. U tom slučaju, najvjerojatnije, pojavit će se potopljeni panj ogorčenosti odmah pri prvom zalogaju i po svoj će prilici tiho upravljati cijelim danom. Dok se, napokon, oko četiri sata, nepravедno, no neizbježno, ne uhvati za nekog u blizini, odnosno određenu osobinu njihovog ponašanja, dosadnu osobinu koja se stalno ponavlja i može se lako izdvojiti i uvećati i odmah zatim odrediti kao glavni uzrok ovog zloslutnog osjećaja ogorčenosti, koji raste, neobjašnjivo, cijeli dan, još od prvog zalogaja kaše.

Nekakva vrsta crnog džema dobro ide unutar kaše, zapravo baš odlično. A onda i nekoliko listića badema. Ali budite oprezni, jako oprezni s listićima badema; uopće nisu prikladni za mrzovoljne ili strašljive tipove i ne bi se smjeli razbacivati poput konfeta jer bademi uopće nisu poput konfeta. Naprotiv, listići badema ne bi se smjeli dodirivati i trebaju biti posloženi u jednostavne uzorke, kao uz beze tortu, i tad su jako lijepi i savršeno bezopasni. Ali istresite šačicu listića badema i vidjet ćete kako nalikuju noktima koji su bili na ruci koja je tek ugledala svjetlo dana.

Crni džem i izbljedjeli nokti, polako tonu u sluzavo varivo! U zadnje mi je vrijeme, jutrima, Ravel, kojeg puštam i po nekoliko puta, zaista dobro društvo. I ovako mi, zasad, uz malene izmjene, započinje dan.

Moji nokti stvarno dobro napreduju, zaista, mislim da nikad nisu bili bolje. Ako baš morate znati nalakirala sam ih u kuhinji prošle srijede poslije ručka, a boja u koju sam ih lakirala ondje u kuhinji zove se *planinska izmaglica*. To je jako dobro ime, prikladno ime, ispostavilo se. Jer, znate, prirodna boja mojih noktiju, i bijeli i ružičasti dio, još uvijek se nazire ispod laka, nije sasvim prekrivena. A kako vrijeme prolazi lak se ne skida kao inače, samo nekako izbljedi oko rubova, tako da se sad, osim što je vidljiv i bijeli dio i ružičasti dio, jasno vidi i crno ispod vrhova. Kroz izmaglicu, koja je naravno boje vrijeska, mogu vidjeti čađavu prašinu ispod noktiju. Kad nokti uopće nisu nalakirani ova prljavština ne služi ničemu osim što izgleda

neuredno i neodržavano, ali ispod izbljedjelog sjaja *planinske izmaglice* prisjetim se nečeg drugog kad razmišljam o svojim rukama. Izgledaju poput ruku nekog jako šarmantnog i ugladenog tko se morao iskopati iz vlažnog i strašnog mjesta na kojem nije niti trebao biti. I to me zabavlja, to me stvarno zabavlja.

Zaista, ne bi bilo potpuno neopravdano reći da ja, u cijelosti, izgledam i ponekad se ponašam kao netko tko nešto uzgaja. S vremena na vrijeme, mogu me smatrati zemljanom u najužem smislu te riječi. Ali, istini za volju, nisam baš puno rasađivala i posjedujem tek malo znatiželje za hortikulturene pothvate. Istina je da jarko zeleni peršin raste u tegli pored vrata ali nisam ga uzgojila iz sjemena, uopće nisam – samo sam ga kupila već prokljalog iz obližnje trgovine, izvadila iz plastične ambalaže i ugurala zbijenu mrežu korijena i zemlje tu, u teglu pored vrata.

Prije toga, nekoliko godina ranije, kad sam živjela blizu kanala, jasno sam s prozora mogla vidjeti najidiličniji komad zemlje, okružen vrtovima nizova i nizova kuća koje ga tako ograđuju i čine privlačnim. Činilo se nemogućim ući u vrt ali kad sam jednoga dana poletjela za mačkom doveo me točno do njega, poslije čega je zbrisao i ostavio me da ljuljuškam i milujem ozlijeđenog palčića. Palčić mi je tjednima pjevao iznad glave na suncu dok bih ujutro pisala pisma tako da mi je prirodno došlo da zaplačem kad sam ga pronašla osakaćenog i tihog na mahovini ispod živice. Bila sam toliko uzrujana da sam htjela staviti tog mačka na vruću tavu i spržiti mu odvratnu stražnjicu na prskavom ulju. Natjerat ću te da cvrčiš govno malo. Nema veze. Bila sam u vrtu koji nitko ne posjeduje ili polaže pravo na njega i kad sam već jednom došla tu mogu doći i opet, bez sumnje. Tako je barem bilo dok sam bila dijete, a mislim da se ove stvari baš i ne mijenjaju.

Poput djeteta postavljala sam podmukla pitanja ali nažalost za razliku od djeteta mene su pažljivo slušali pa sam brzo osmislila dobar razlog zašto želim znati čija je zemlja i mogu li je ponekad posjetiti. To je zasigurno odlično mjesto za sadnju rekla sam i unatoč tome što prije

nisam pokazivala želju za vrtlaranjem i unatoč tome što je moja izjava o interesu bila stvarno čudna, moj su prijedlog ozbiljno shvatili i ispostavilo se da zemlju zapravo posjeduje Katolička crkva tako da su me uputili u veliku kuću na uglu u kojoj stanuje župnik. Ovakav razvoj događaja nisam predvidjela, istini za volju to mi ionako nije bila iskrena namjera. Mislim da mi se samo sviđala ideja imati osamljeno mjesto na koje mogu doći, tajanstveni vrt takoreći. Trebala sam šutjeti jer po običaju čim sam progovorila sve se pokvarilo i uopće nije bilo kao što sam zamislila, ali bilo je nečeg toliko čudnog i apsurdnog oko toga kako se sve odvijalo da si nisam mogla pomoći i nastavila sam s pričom.

Bio je ugodno ravnodušan i uopće nije spominjao Boga, a iako je isticao riječ dobrostivost, nisam ustuknula. Gdje živiš, upitao je. Tamo u onoj kući, rekla sam i pokazala kroz prozor na kuću preko puta ceste. Nije pogledao u smjeru moga prsta, bilo mu je dovoljno da mogu stajati gdje jesam i pokazivati na kuću, i bilo je dogovoreno. Ne sjećam se unutrašnjosti svećenikove kuće. Mislim da su tapete u hodniku bile boje kadulje. Moguće da nisam niti išla dalje od hodnika. Možda sam stajala na vratima i s ulice gledala prema hodniku. A onda dolje na plastičnu stepenicu. Da, mislim da je zapravo nosio tenisice.

Raskršiti pristojan komad zemlje i pripremiti ga za sadnju krumpira bio je težak i jednoličan posao i ako nadodamo da rano proljeće ovdje može biti jako vlažno i te je godine stvarno bilo tako. Ne znam točno što me natjeralo da svaki dan čupam gusti i paperjasti korov na vrućini koja je uranila. Često bih zastala i stajala jako mirno, pitajući se koje mi nade zauzimaju misli, ali rijetko kad bih se sjetila. Ali, unatoč zbunjenosti, prvi put u svom odraslom životu drugi su znali točno što radim. Došla bih s alatima i naslonila ih uza zid kuće i ušla unutra oprati ruke i svakom tko bi me vidio bilo je jasno što sam radila. Mislim da sam tada ljudima, usprkos dva ili tri incidenta, postala vidno draža.

Kao i u većini mjerljivih područja života nisam baš ambiciozan uzgajivač pa sam odlučila uzgajati samo nezahtjevne biljke. Krumpire, špinat i bob. To je sve. To je dovoljno.

Ljudi su mi pričali kako je mačji kašalj uzgajati tikvice, krastavce, bundeve, mrkve, ali to nije ni na što utjecalo – nisam odjednom postala vrtlar i mrzila sam kad bi mi se obraćali kao da jesam. Biljke su napredovale dobro kad su me pozvali na ugledno sveučilište preko bare da održim govor o temi koja me zaista jako zanimala – ali ne nužno na način koji zaslužuje pohvalu. Točnije zanima me zbog nečeg puno osobnijeg i ne potpuno akademskog tako da se moja metodologija činila nostalgična, a moja perspektiva prostodušna s obzirom na to da sam ignorirala uobičajene kritičke modele koji su mi svakako poprilično nerazumljivi i umjesto toga nasumice krala iz cijele povijesti zapadne kulture kako bih poduprla vlastiti argument, kojeg se sad ni ne sjećam. Bilo je nešto o ljubavi. O suštinskoj brutalnosti ljubavi. O onim slučajnim dušama koje namjerno traže ljubav kako bi ih dovela do samozapaljenja. Da, tako je. Pokušala sam pokazati da je u cijeloj povijesti književnosti ljubav redovito prikazana kao proces zanesene patnje koji nas obuzima i na kraju, samilosno, uništi i dovede do zaborava. Raskomadane i zapakirane. Tako nešto. Nešto poput toga. Luda sam za tobom. Ludim. Duša mi gori za tobom. Rasplamsala sam se. Ne postoji ništa više osim tebe. Nestalo je, potpuno nestalo. Tako nešto. Mislim da nije prošlo baš dobro.

Zapravo mislim da su ga smatrali jako priprostim i pamtim da sam se odjednom osjećala, unatoč novoj cvjetnoj potkošulji, potišteno i gotovo gotički. Zapravo, sad kad razmišljam, mislim da je bit mog argumenta naprosto bila da je ljubav zlobno i uzvišeno raspadanje karaktera i da umjetnički prikaz nje kao takve uopće nije rijedak ili neobičan i nema ništa s nastojanjima šokiranja publike. U djelu dramaturga kojeg je konferencija navodno ponovno proučavala jako je puno nasilja, znaš, i uglavnom se to nasilje dosad općenito objašnjavalo kao ništa više od dramatične strategije namijenjene šokiranju, što mi nikad nije potpuno sjelo jer što je zaboga šokantno oko nasilja? Kako bilo, moram priznati, kako bih stvorila postojan jezik ljubavi koji potkrjepljuje gnjusno osamostaljenje nametnuto željom za drugim, referirala sam se naime ne samo na Sapfu, Seneku, Novalisa, Rolanda Barthesa, Denisa de Rougemonta i

nizozemskog povjesničara Johana Huizinga I. nego i na stihove PJ Harvey i Nicka Cavea, s donekle pogrešnom namjerom da pokažem kako jednostavno nikad ne prestaje. Da će želja za raspadanjem uvijek biti neopozivo jaka, ako ne i jača od poriva za stvaranjem samog sebe. Duboka poput tinte i crna, crna poput najdubljeg mora.

Kasnije, dok su se ljudi motali uokolo i kimali glavama u grupicama, a ja nisam bila sigurna na koji od nekoliko izlaza prije izletjeti, prišao mi je jedan od akademskih moćnika i komentirao moje izlaganje. Usput sve se ovo zbilo prije nekoliko godina – i nisam potpuno sigurna zašto se toga sad prisjećam jer me ne opisuje u najboljem svijetlu – uglavnom, ne sjećam se točno što mi je rekao, ali bilo je potpuno s visoka i baš baš dobro se sjećam da sam razmišljala daj padni negdje. Daj se zapleti u neke kabele ondje naprijed pored ekrana kad budeš izlazio van i padni i daj udari glavom u jako oštar rub stola za kojim sam ranije sjedila i čitala svoju jako šarmantnu propovijed i razreži glavu tek toliko da se primijeti malo krvi. Samo kapljica krvi da ne izgledaš ozlijeđeno nego glupo i pomalo nespretno. Hvala vam, odgovorim. I odjednom su mi leđa postala hladna pa sam zaključila da su vrata ipak točno iza mene; okrenula sam se pa krenula prema njima i ubrzo se tlo promijenilo. Bilo je mokro, a parkiralište gotovo prazno i mirisalo je isključivo po kuhinjskim krpama.

Mogu spomenuti i da sam boravila kod djevojke koju sam godinu ranije upoznala u Londonu. Bila je jako nadaren akademik i njezina me sposobnost davanja uzbudljivog mišljenja na nešto što se upravo zbilo ili je upravo rečeno uvijek zadivljivala i začuđivala. Bila mi je potpuna zagonetka kako nekome tako brzo i u bilo kojoj situaciji mogu navirati misli koje su uvijek dobro sročene i de rigueur. Živjela je u jednoj od kuća u nizu s još nekoliko studenata postdiplomskog, od kojih je čak jedan bio tip, a kad je prijateljica već otišla spavati, došao je u boravak gdje sam sjedila s knjigom u krilu i bocom tople vode ispod stopala. Tad se nismo poljubili; poljubili smo se poslije, nakon nekoliko tjedana. Prvo sam odletjela kući i dopisivali smo se i morali smo se vidjeti. Tako da sam odletjela natrag i poljubili smo se.

Usput, ništa od toga nema veze s ovim sad. Unatoč tome što susret s čovjekom i boca tople vode po mojoj priči zvuče dobro, to je zapravo bila zlosretna veza i možda manje iznenađujuće, neodrživost moje akademske karijere s vremenom je poprimila opipljivost toliko zlokobne sile da sam jednog dana izašla iz trgovine, otvorila kutiju cigareta i stajala tu otprilike pola sata. Potrebna su mi sredstva poprilično presušila, znaš, toliko dugo sam ih zanemarivala da su potpuno presušila i došla sam do zastoja, ne znajući trebam li ići lijevo ili desno. A glavni razlog zašto sam se pomakla nakon pola sata je taj što su mi ljudi stalno prilazili i propitkivali je li bus već prošao. Ne znam, rekla sam. Ne znam, rekla sam ponovno. Ne znam. A onda kao da su odustali i potpuno nestali, ostala sam stajati potpuno i uzaludno sama – mislim da otad nisam iskusila osjećaj fundamentalne suvišnosti u tolikoj mjeri. Beznadnost svega čim sam se zabavljala je napokon postala zasljepujuće kristalno jasna.

Ali krumpiri su još uvijek rasli! Posjetila sam svog optimističnog dečka mnogo puta, a krumpirima i špinatu i bobu nimalo nije smetalo i ponekad dok sam bila odsutna ležala bih u krevetu pored njega i nisam mogla spavati pa bih u mraku razmišljala o krumpirima i špinatu i bobu i pružila ruke prema plafonu i osjetila takvu čežnju! Mogla sam se prisjetiti tla vrlo dobro, njegove boje i mirisa – kao da nikad prije nije dirnuto i kanal je bio u blizini i mjesec uvijek iznad nas, a pauci bi nakratko sišli s mreža i nesigurno dodirivali mirne rubove stvari. Nismo se najbolje slagali ali to nije imalo nikakav utjecaj na naš seksualni odnos koji je bio čvrst i uvjerljiv pa su se svi ostali elemente naše veze koji su propadali neko vrijeme činili nebitnima. Poslali smo si stotine pohotnih mailova, a s tim mislim slikovitih i bestidnih. Bilo je divno. Nikad prije nisam napravila to, nisam napisala nešto razbludno, bilo mi je potpuno novo i moram priznati da sam se jako brzo ispraksirala. Da sam ih barem zadržala, da se barem nisam toliko izbezumila kad smo konačno priznali da je osamnaest mjeseci najviše što smo mogli očekivati s obzirom da se gotovo cijela veza temeljila na strastvenom bludništvu i nakon toga prenapregnuto izbrisala cijelu prepisku, koja je tad došla do približno dvije tisuće mailova. Neću

više moći pisati takve mailove znaš – odnosno neću više moći pisati takve mailove po prvi put. A to je ono što ih je činilo uzbudljivim – korištenje jezika na način na koji ga nisam prije koristila, opisivanje tako intimnog područja mog tijela koje prije nisam pokušala jezično razotkriti. Bilo je lijepo moram priznati tu i tamo odmoriti se od još jednog previše kompliciranog akademskog sažetka kojeg pokušavam sklepati na više-manje istu temu kako bih napisala, jako precizno, kako i gdje bih htjela da me dobro pojebe.

Naravno nije sve bilo jednostrano. Posjetio me i pojeo je čak nešto povrća koje sam uzgojila i rekao da je bilo dobro, jer je i bilo. Jeli smo i naranče, često – naime jesti španjolske naranče prešlo nam je u naviku. Lijepo ih je jesti, naranče, nakon seksa koji traje cijelu vječnost. Probijaju se kroz zagušljivi zrak i mirišu jako organizirano pa se takva nekakva struktura nastavi i onda je savršeno moguće osmisliti plan, na primjer odlazak na neko lijepo mjesto na večeru.

Svejedno, kao što sam rekla, ništa od tog nema nikakve veze s ovim sad. Ne znam s čim je povezano i zapravo ne znam ni s čim je ovo sad povezano. No mogu reći da čekam dostavu dvaju japanskih tapeta koje sam kupila u Francuskoj ranije ove godine, ali i to je daleko od istine i moglo bi stvoriti pogrešnu sliku mene, poprilično velebnu sliku možda, kao da sam krajnje ali neupadljivo imućna i vodim privatnu trgovinu sa svim i svačim egzotičnim i *recherché objets d'art*. Bojim se da su to pusti snovi, istina je da to i nisu baš tapete – nisu ništa više od dva komada stare crne tkanine u dva okvira s ponekom ružičasto-zlatnom točkicom koje na jednoj čine par ruku, a na drugoj usamljen profil. Koliko se sjećam čini se da su prvotno imale više šavova, a tako i potpuniju i detaljniju sliku ali iz nekog razloga kojeg ne mogu dokučiti uklonjena je većina šavova. Ipak trag na mjestu na kojem su bili primijeti se uz malo truda jer ipak su to sitne rupe kroz koje se, vjerojatno, svileni konac vješto provlačio kroz platno. Mislim da će ovdje pogotovo izgledati tek poput dva uokvirena komada crnog platna. To jest ako uopće stignu – dostavljač je trebao stići u sedam a sad je pola osam.



Nakon tog živjela sam s cimerima, ali imala sam svoju kupaonicu. Ali ne kao en suite. Ne razumijem svu tu galamu oko en suitea. Mislim da su gotovo uvijek bezvezni, a i u pravilu smatram da je ljepše potpuno napustiti prostoriju prije ulaska u drugu. Usput nisam mogla podnijeti biti gola u sobi, užasna mi je bila čak i pomisao na sebe голу u sobi, ali u isto vrijeme nisam podnosila biti odjevena – neugodno mi je bilo odijevati se, činilo se jadno i nebitno i naravno da nisam zaboravila da ću istim prstima kojima uvlačim gumbe u rupe kasnije izgurati gumbe van. Jako duge kupke dolje niz hodnik sve više su mi postajale jedini predah – stvarno ne znam što bi se dogodilo da su prostorije bile spojene. Na kraju sam previše vremena provodila ondje. Sate i sate. Nisam imala gdje drugo ići, znaš. Ponekad bih sjedila za radnim stolom, ali i tome je došao kraj. Tako je, napokon sam mahnula bijelom zastavom. Nije išlo. Prestala sam raditi ono što svakako nisam radila i zaposlila se u servisu za bicikle koji se pokazao kao sretna igra slučaja jer mi je ubrzo nakon što sam se zaposlila hitno bio potreban novi bicikl. Imala sam bicikl ali trebao mi je novi, drugačiji, koji ima brzine, koji ide uzbrdo, koji ide uzbrdo i prevozi namirnice, jedan koji je čvrst i siguran noću na cestama koje nisu osvijetljene, jedan koji ide uzbrdo.

Prvo sam ga vidjela kroz živicu. Bilo je ljeto i živica je bila gusta i bilo je gotovo nemoguće vidjeti kroz nju ali ako se lišće oprezno razmakne, samo malo, moglo se vidjeti – ali to se moralo obaviti oprezno zbog jarkih cvjetova koji se pružaju van, poput baletana na vrhovima prstiju, svugdje na granama živice. Ma nije moguće, rekla sam prijateljici. Misliš da je to to? Zakoračila sam unatrag i stajala na cesti i gledala nizbrdo pa uzbrdo. Mora da je, rekla sam. Nema ničeg drugog. Savršen je, rekla je. Ne mogu vjerovati, rekla sam. Zatim smo obje u tišini virile kroz živicu i znala sam da je to zasigurno to.

Moram priznati da nisam baš neki obožavatelj podmetača ali čini se da ću ih morati kupiti za ispod zdjela na prozorskoj klupici. Po svemu sudeći kamen je postao prehladan i

možda malo vlažan jer su se nekidan naranče jako brze pokvarile a danas na patlidžanu vidim malo plijesni u obliku i boji kamenice. Morala bih otići do komposta, stalno to odgađam. Mislim da me je prestalo zanimati, postalo je dosadno. Netko mi je prije par dana rekao da crvi izlaze iz njihovog i pomislila sam da to zvuči jako značajno. Sviđaju mi se crvi i nije mi problem uzeti ih u ruku, što je neobično i tako mi daje jasnu prednost u određenim situacijama jer znači da ih mogu bacati na ljude ako poželim i to mi uvijek stavi osmijeh na lice. Na radnoj ploči u kuhinji nalazi se plava plastična posuda u koju stavljam ostatke i kožu i čajne vrećice i koru i stabljike i lišće u obliku suza i ljuske i tako dalje za u kompost i ideja je bila koristiti malenu zdjelu kako bih je češće praznila, svaki dan zapravo, ali ne radim to. Ne radim to i nakupi se, nakupi se i ponekad, doduše rijetko, prebacim sve u veću zdjelu i nastavim dalje.

Nastavim s čim? Pa, samo da znaš, uvijek postoji nešto za obaviti – ovo, kao prvo, nakon što naložim vatru. U ovo doba godine barem jednom dnevno treba nahraniti ptice. Malo poslije napravim krevet. Popnem se stepenicama i provirim u poštanski sandučić. Prvo volim popiti kavu. Ponekad uz nju pojedem bananu. Ponekad je to sve što mi treba. I ispraznim plavu posudu, ili ne, u kompost. I bez iznimke odnesem emajliranu kantu, koja se iznova i iznova puni ugljenom, van. A zato što nema praga sve se prospje unutra i još se nije dogodilo da se pod ne treba pomesti. I naravno uvijek se nešto može smotati.

Poslala sam poruku čovjeku čija je supruga, s kojom više ne živi, moja jako dobra prijateljica i pitala ga spava li – nisam se mogla dosjetiti ničeg drugog što bi mu se moglo dogoditi. Odgovorio mi je istog trenutka i rekao da kreće. Donio je u vreći drva od stabala iz njegovog vrta i bocu vina iz države u kojoj njegova otuđena žena – moja dobra prijateljica – sad živi. Bila sam otprije upoznata s tim vinom i bilo je nekako neobično piti ga sad, ovdje, bez nje. Japanski okviri i njihova pojednostavljena unutrašnjost stajali su u velikoj pamučnoj vreći koju je prislonio na otoman ispod ogledala. Nisam joj prišla i možda je pomislio da me ne zanima ono što je u njoj ali nisam htjela pogledati djela ispred njega, željela sam biti sama jer

tako ne bih morala smišljati što reći o njima. Često, u ovakvim situacijama, kad se pruža dojam u korist osobe u blizini, ono rečeno rijetko je uzbudljivo i dočim se izgovori, izbjegne se ono bitno i ne može se pronaći kasnije. Kako bilo, ne smeta mi čekanje – čekanje je zapravo užitak. Zbog iščekivanja, kad dođe do njega, postanem živahna i opuštena, kao da možda oživljavam i izoštravam osjetila u pripremi za iščekivani predmet: zaista, svijet postane blistavo i čarobno mjesto kad se jedva znani misterij pojavi nadohvat ruke. Zadržao se sat vremena i pričali smo o tri sina i unajmljivanju stanova u inozemstvu i nedavnom uspjehu zajedničkog prijatelja i tu i tamo namjerno bi izrazio autokratske poglede kako bi me razljutio ali zapravo je trošio vrijeme jer me se ne može uvrijediti – naprotiv, puno toga me zabavljalo i možda ga je moj neozbiljan stav zbunio: čini se da te neki ljudi samo žele naljutiti. Možda smo spomenuli Božić, ne sjećam se. I nakon što je otišao nisam otišla ravno do vreće – odnijela sam njegovu praznu čašu i rashlađivač vina u kuhinju, posložila drva koja mi je ljubazno darovao, objesila kaput – znaš, vino mi je tumaralo krvlju i nisam htjela prići slikama s vrtoglavicom i nestvarnim očekivanjima. Pričekala sam još malo, dok atmosfera nije ponovno postala mirna i tada sam prišla vreći i izvadila teške okvire; usredotočena i smirena – poput stručnjaka.

Na njima se nalazi šest i pol malih cvjetova. Latice su im malene i srcolike. Oko njih rasute su pojedinačne latice, one nisu srcolike i malo su tamnije, kao da padaju još dalje. Ruke sežu prema cvjetovima, samo obris ruku i rub jednog kimono rukava. Tu je i lice, okrenuto, ne gleda gore prema rukama, ne tiče ga se što ruke rade: čelo, teške vjeđe, stisnute usne i jedna naušnica. Sve je to na samo jednom malom dijagonalnom dijelu platna, ostatak je crn. Isto lice nalazi se i u drugom okviru na kojem je još manji broj šavova. Dok gledam u spuštenu profil i nekolicinu okomitih crta koje sačinjavaju, opet, tkaninu teškog kimona, shvaćam da sam bila u krivu. Ništa nije uklonjeno; nikad nije ni bilo više nego li je sad. Ono što sam vidjela, ono što još uvijek mogu vidjeti kad stojim dovoljno blizu je ideja – plan – pa naravno! Tko god da ih je izvezao nije uklonio šavove s namjerom, kao što sam prvotno sumnjala, da krene ispočetka;

jednostavno su prestali s onim što su radili. Nisu osjećali obvezu dovršiti plan tako da ga nisu ni dovršili. Samo ovo, ovih par detalja, prikazuje dovoljno. I sigurno su se tako osjećali i bili jako zadovoljni njima jer zašto bi inače stavili ova dva tamna komada u tako krasne okvire?

Stavila sam ih iznad kamina – može se reći da su na počasnom mjestu. Blizu su jedan drugog ali ne potpuno usporedno: u svezi su, no nisu par. Neki ljudi ih uopće ne primijete, a u drugih smjesta izazivaju znatiželju te u tim slučajevima odem u kuhinju kako bih im pružila priliku da potpuno usmjere svoju pozornost bez da imaju potrebu pričati o njima, što bi pokvarilo sve. Da, možda bih mogla stajati u kuhinji i odande paziti na sve što se događa i možda će mi jednog dana zatitrati srce kad vidim da je netko sve više i više obuzet njima dok me ne zovnu, uzbuđeni i u čudu, i kažu, „Gle – pa ona cijelo vrijeme drži suncobran!“

Kad sam se doselila dosta je cvijeća već procvjetalo: glicinija, fuksija, ruže, zlatna kiša i brojne druge sorte drveća koje cvate i grmlje čije ime ne znam – većinom je divlje – i raste u izobilju. Sunce je sijalo gotovo svaki dan pa sam, naravno, većinu vremena provodila vani, neprestano izlazila i ulazila, a u zraku se čulo zujanje raznih vrsta pčela i osa, leptira, vretenaca i ptica, tako mnogo ptica, i svatko od njih bio je zaposlen. Svi: svaka biljka, svaki cvijet, svaka ptica, svaki kukac, obavljaju svoje poslove. Jutrima bih letjela po kolibi, uzimala posuđe s cjedila i slagala ga na dražesne hrpe na prozorsku klupicu, rezala breskve i sjeckala lješnjake, popravljala pokrivač i zaglađivala plahu, zalijevala cvijeće, čistila ogledala, mela podove, glancala čaše, motala odjeću, prala prozore, rezala rajčice, sjeckala mladi luk. A potom, iza ručka, odnijela bih deku na kraj vrta i legla ispod drveća i slušala.

Slušala bih malenog kornjaša kako mi izbjegava kosu na čelu. Slušala bih pauka kako kroz travu prilazi deki. Slušala bih dvije plavetne sjenice kako se ključaju i cvrkuću iza mene. Slušala bih udarce golubljih krila na granama bukve omotane bršljanom i čvorke na žicama iznad, galebove i čiope još više. Svaki zvuk bio je poput stepenice koja me vodi naviše i tako sam mogla doći jako visoko, popeti se iza oblaka, ususret žaru nalik ptičjem, gdje ne postoji

ništa drugo osim neprestanog svjetla i mora plavetnila. Kasnije, predvečer, zahladilo bi pa bih se još malo privinula u sebe i slušala sve manje i manje tako da se, jako polako, vratim sumraku i zemlji. I ubrzo bih zaista ogladnjela pa bih prebacila deku preko ramena i uputila se u kolibu pripremiti večeru. Ona bi često sadržavala bob, limun, možda i malo špinata i puno nasjeckanih oraha i svježeg sira.

Sjeckam.

Od jutra do mraka, čini se.

Oh, kako volim sjeckati.

Zvuk udaranja noža o dasku unutar ovih debelih kamenih zidova mekan je i blagozvučan; poput uspavanke opčinjava me i smiruje. Ponekad, naročito kasno uvečer, snažni odjek oštrice hrapaviji je i postojaniji i svim se silama moram truditi ne dizati pogled i držati ruke mirno. Nastavljam s giljotiniranjem i precizno skraćujem ovaj tvrdi snop ukusnog povrća dok ne postane bezbojan. Sjeckam, usitnjavam, u stanju neke otupjelosti koja ograničava, od jutra do mraka; pokušavam ne obratiti pozornost na svoj odraz u ogledalu dok činim upravo to. Ne mogu to podnijeti, ali iznad svega ne mogu podnijeti odraz svog struka dok se giba naprijed-nazad, tamo u ogledalu desno – kao da će poletjeti iako jako dobro znam da ne može.

### 4.3 Gospodarica kuće

Tako je mirno. I sablasno je. O da. Tako spokojno. Sve je mirno. Tako je. Pogledaj veslače – gle kako su brzi. Zloslutno – da, poput zatišja pred oluju. Tako nekako. Pogledaj veslače! Dva čamca i tijela – veslači – poput prečki ili nečeg sličnog. Poput ureza ili prečki – ili potpornja ili vijaka – tako nešto. Zvuk sušilice rublja dok iza mene pred tobom vrti kupaonski tepih, jako tiha – dobra sušilica. Prepuštam te tome. Rukom napisane poruke, tu i tamo – kratke bilješke, onako usput, da ne zaboraviš neke stvari. Zapravo je dirljivo. Kao i slika na tvom pokazu, dirljivo.

Nisam stavila kapu premda je hladno poput vječnosti i kapa je tu u mojoj torbi na dnu. Maskara mi se skinula dok sam spavala a da bi kapa dobro izgledala očima treba malo svježeg ukrasa – to mi je jasno. I ništa nisam rekla, ni jednu riječ, o stvorenju ispod vode. Ni spomena o čudovištu. Umjesto toga – cvijeće je divno, pogotovo ruže. O da, odgovoriš. Dovoljno su visoke da ne vidim Mary kako izlazi iz auta. Ne moram je više gledati kako hoda i ulazi u kuću – zapravo je lijepo.

Je li to ljuskavo čudovište s golemim repom pitam se, ili nekakva utvara s kuštravim krilima? Hoće li to, drugim riječima, biti nešto iskopano ili nešto palo? Teško je odlučiti jer dan je zapravo slojevitiji nego što se na prvu čini – i kako bilo, ne znam točno gdje, ali nešto se pomakne i cijeli se prizor potpuno promijeni. Ali ipak, za ostatak svijeta, čini se savršeno mirnim. Kao da lebdi. Čitav vidik lebdi.

Nekakav trik, očigledno. Mislim da bih ovako mogla provesti čitav dan i ne doći do zaključka.

Ne bi to bilo ništa posebno – izlazak čudovišta iz vode ne bi bio velika stvar. Da prođe iza nekog tko šeta uz obalu rijeke, na primjer, možda se taj netko ne bi ni okrenuo. Možda bi jednostavno nastavio šetati kući i sve to propustio. Možda se to svakodnevno događa iza

njegovih leđa njemu bez znanja – premda je negdje u sebi svjestan, jasno, onog što se događa – i zato se, s vremena na vrijeme, ponaša na način koji se u običnoj situaciji čini potpuno nerazumnim i ničim izazvanim, zbog tog čudesno pripisanog utjecaja kojeg nimalo nije svjestan. To bi mogla biti česta pojava.

Isplivalo bi iz vode, sigurna sam, bez mreškanja i valova. Samo fina bijela pjena. Zrak. Zrak koji se prevrće u nizu bijelih grozdova.

Često se silovito uzrujam. Ali sada, gle, ne više! Jutros je sa mnom sve u redu. Čak ostanem nakon tosta koji se baš jako razlomio na nejednake dijelove dok si ga mazao hladnim maslacem.

Eto.

I ne pogledavši me, spustio si nož na sudoper nekako bez čekanja i pomaknuo se do čajnika. Bila bih potpuno ista. Napravila bih potpuno istu stvar na isti način. Usput, mrzim Maryn auto. Mrzim aute tvojih susjeda. Sve do jednog. Koji kurac misle? Točno? Imaš stvari kao što su kuhinjske krpe i podmetači i mačke koje nisu tvoje. Jedna od njih šeta s tobom gore-dolje po prilazu – ako je poslijepodne vrijeme dovoljno lijepo šetaš gore-dolje po prilazu. I imaš električnu deku.

Nikad mi prije nije palo na pamet da me se netko možda boji. A sad, kad moram prihvatiti da se netko možda tako osjeća, teško mi je to shvatiti ozbiljno. Zasad mogu jedino prihvatiti tu mogućnost – možda s vremenom u to i povjerujem. Ljutnja nije ono što osjećam. Nisam ljutita. Postoji još jedan prijevod, bez sumnje – ali koliko će ti konteksta trebati prije nego što ga pronađeš, stvarno ne znam! Lakše mi se tuširati u svojoj kući – još uvijek je tako, čak i kad bojler nije uključen od jučer ujutro pa voda neće biti ni mlaka barem sat vremena. Možda se uopće neću tuširati kad dođem kući. Ne smeta mi jer se jako dobro samočistim. Zašto, ne znam, ali kad sam u tvojoj kupaonici oblačila najlonke i gaćice, gaćice sam obukla naopako. To je nešto novo i jako čudno – pomislila sam tada, ali svejedno ih nisam preokrenula jer mi je

možda to bilo zanimljivo ili nešto. Možda sam mislila da je ta anomalija nekakva pravovremena spoznaja. Činilo se prirodnim prihvatiti je – ne joj se odupirati, pa sam se, jasno, pitala hoće li to do nečeg dovesti – ipak, evolucijski procesi postaju očigledni na čudne načine.

U svakom slučaju, ništa. Samo neugodan osjećaj da vlastiti miris nosim izvana i gušim najlonkama. Pogledam ali ne diram naušnice na prozorskoj klupici iznad vodokotlića jer mi se sviđa pomisao da ih ostavim tako da ih poslije primijetiš, možda kad se vratiš iz dućana, ili noću kad odeš na zahod. Što je s tim čudovištem? Ništa neobičnije od velike opake štuke ako te baš zanima. Manevrira naprijed-nazad ispod veslača, pomiče oči kao morski pas. To je naučila od morskog psa u crtiću. I evo, na kraju, to je štuka koja zamišlja da je morski pas. Pusti je. Danas mrzim boje – nedostatak bontona da budem precizna. Sve izgleda popišano. Kao da su mačke cijelu noć po svemu bez prestanka pišale. Natopile sve trave i popločane staze i lišće od prošle godine koje leži uokolo. Mrzim mačke ako te baš zanima. Mrzim kad nabasam na fotografske zapise tobože otkaćenih mačaka i mrzim kad moram slušati o njima. Mrzim slušati kako mačka šeta s tobom, popodnevim gore-dolje po prilazu, kad je vrijeme lijepo – često vrijeme nije lijepo. Sjedim na svom mjestu i gledam u nebo i prosuđujem ga – i to nije tako jednostavno kako se možda čini. Ponekad pomislim, nema šanse, danas neće biti šetanja gore-dolje po prilazu – a onda se pojavi malo svjetla, ili, vjerojatnije, neki zvuk, poput krava ili ptica – nešto ugodno i vedro, znak da svijet nastavlja dalje, unatoč dojmu koji obično ostavlja. Ne smeta mi dojam koji inače ostavlja zato što ga razumijem – a onda opet ovo je donekle blago rečeno jer ako moraš znati dođe trenutak kad toliko mrzim tu neprekidnu potištenost. Kao da se nebo nekim danima samo povlači okolo. Duri se – samo se duri. Duri se i klonulo je i lijeno ključa. Želim ga snažno stresti. Jebi se. I ti se jebi. Za Boga miloga. Kako bilo, to je samo ideja, to čudovište. Sad kad razmišljam bila to je pogreška, jer ako te zanima započelo je kao nehotećna slika – to je bilo sve. Samo jedno od priviđanja do kojeg dolazi bez poticaja kad ti se um skupi i u stanju je pripravnosti, ili – drugi način – kad se širi i gotovo je nesvjestan. Ne znam



u kakvom je stanju bio moj um kad se čudovište pojavilo – ako kažem u prvom odmah znam da je drugo a ako ipak kažem da je drugo zapravo je očito da je prvo. Koja hrpa gluposti zapravo, ali zašto onda pobogu ne bismo proveli neko vrijeme uvečer u ovo doba godine i pokušali shvatiti okolinu nekih manjih grešaka? Ako moraš znati ja i on jako rijetko dijelimo slična stajališta koja se odnose na materijalni svijet. Ne, mislim da uopće ne zauzimamo isti položaj kad je riječ o onome što je točno ispred nas. Zapravo nemamo nikakvih dodirnih točaka. Ovo je, stoga, rijetka pojava. Zajedničko mišljenje rijetko se ustanovi iskustvenim rastom. I naravno, kad se čudovište pojavilo, samo od sebe, umalo sam uperila prstom. Jer, činilo se sasvim mogućim – logičnim čak – da se čudovište, bez obzira na drugačije obličje, prikazalo i njemu.

Poslije biciklom idem do trgovine van grada i dok skrećem na drugu cestu vidim da oba auta koji su mi išli u susret imaju upaljena duga svjetla. Čini se tamnije ovdje nego prije dvije minute ispred kuće kad sam navukla rukavice i lijevim laktom na brzinu obrisala sjedalo na biciklu. Nema mi druge nego vratiti se po svjetla za vožnju i staviti ih na glavu i ruke. Baš sam glupa što ih nisam odmah uzela – čak sam ih izvadila iz ruksaka da napravim mjesta za namirnice po koje sam krenula – baš sranje. Pa jebote, gdje mi je nestao osjećaj za moguće? Kad po drugi put skrenem na drugu cestu očito je kako brzo nestaje i ono malo svjetla i naravno da su mala polja uz koja prolazim biciklom puna smeća. Netko je uzeo krcate vreće smeća, čvrsto ih svezao, stavio u gepek i bacio baš ovdje. Ne radi se to samo tako, jer ti je došlo – ali nije posebno teško objasniti zašto se netko odluči čak i za tako odvratani čin. To svatko može jako dobro učiniti i na licu mjesta. Kad izađem iz trgovine primijetim punoću mjeseca – ravno je ispred mene kad se automatska vrata trznu i otvore. Nebo još nije crno pa mjesec, netipično za njega, vlada situacijom – ali na neki način izgleda kao da pokušava prebroditi tremu pred nastup. Da, kao da se pred njim otvorio zastor! I tako je nisko i blizu glava prolaznika da bez oklijevanja ili

ceremonijalnih besmislica posegnem za dalekim mjesecom. Pssst, opusti se – tako je. Tko bi rekao, umirujem mjesec – i evo, vidi, kao da je mjesec uistinu zatvorio oči i polako udiše.

Dubok udah prije nastupa. Stvarno ti želim reći sve to, ispričati o mjesecu i njegovoj nestalnoj vladavini i kako ga hrabrim da se sabere, ali već sam navukla rukavice pa odustanem, koliko god to bilo sebično, a kad stignem doma, premda odmah skinem rukavice, ne pošaljem ti poruku – objesim kapute koji su neuredno ležali na naslonu stolice i zapalim vatru i uzmem vreću za smeće ispod sudopera te pravilno zbrinem lako kvarljivu hranu s kuhinjske ploče pa odem van i iz košare na biciklu uzmem vrećicu s namirnicama, a mislim i da pojedem malo sira prije nego što ti pošaljem poruku. Ispostavi se da si u kinu pa zasad ništa od suosjećanja s mjesečevom sramežljivom punoćom. Naravno da će mjesec još biti tu, ili barem tu negdje, kad film završi i odeš iz kina – ali ne mogu garantirati kako će tada izgledati. Nebo će dotad, vidiš, bez sumnje biti potpuno crno – a mislim i pomalo prostodušno. Ako se mene pita moglo bi postati čak i malo ženskasto. Svojom nježnošću i budalastim zavjerama drži mjesec budnim. Drži ga budnim čitavu noć! Pogledaj, pogledaj kako mjesec glasno zijeva čitavu noć! Ne sviđa ti se film, zapravo je užasan, a slutim i koji je i pitaš me kako znam i kažem ti da sam nedavno o njemu razgovarala s prijateljem – što je istina ali to nije i odgovor na tvoje pitanje – i nadodam da su me zeble ruke kad sam se vraćala iz dućana. Zapravo me iznenadilo koliko su mi ruke bile hladne s obzirom na to da sam nosila rukavice, a nešto poslije, dok razgovaram s prijateljem na mobitel, spomenem mu koliko su mi ruke bile hladne iako sam nosila rukavice i upitam ga za one termalne rukavice koje mi je prijateljica posudila a potom sam ih ja jedne večeri posudila njemu. Šalili smo se o njima one večeri kad sam mu ih posudila jer su to rukavice kakve bi se nosile u Sibiru i bilo je baš tipično za našu prijateljicu da ima rukavice kakve bi se nosile u Sibiru, ali kako vjetar dolazi više ili manje ravno sa Sibira, više nisu toliko smiješne.

I ja sam pogledala baš grozan film, ali nešto u njemu bilo je toliko dražesno da mi je trebalo vremena da si priznam koliko je zapravo užasan, a dotad se njegova užasnost spojila s

dražesnošću tako da sam ga nastavila gledati do kraja – kojeg se naravno ne sjećam. S vremena na vrijeme u svemu što prođe vidim nešto poput sabijene Godzille kako viri iz vode – potpuno je odvratno kako mi se um stalno bavi tom mišlju, pokušava je dokazati. Izgleda da mi je stvarno trebala neka ideja. Izgleda da sam stvarno očajnički tražila nešto što mogu pojmiti. Nešto postojano! Ne metaforu, ništa nalik tome – nikad nisam htjela da čudovište ima značenje, to je sigurno. U najboljem bih slučaju rekla nešto u vezi one kuće u blizini, koja se, usput, stvarno činila pomalo podložnom. Ako baš želiš znati, osjetila bih nelagodu čim bi mi ušla u vidno polje, kao da sam zapravo ja nepredvidljivi pervertit. I samo odvratanje pogleda bilo je proračunato. I samo odvratanje pogleda bilo je gledanje. Prvi put kad sam došla doma, uključila sam bojler kao što sam i namjeravala ali nisam se istuširala, i mada sam skinula haljinu za tango i bacila je u košaru, nisam skinula donje rublje pa ako baš želiš znati i dalje nosim najlonke i gaćice naopako. Moj miris poput mladih usta na žičanoj ogradi. Svakako je bolje ostaviti stvari onakve kakve jesu. Tako sam odlučila. Ne želim se baviti pretvaranjem nečega u nešto drugo, iz nekog se razloga čini kobnim. Kao da svijet postaje manji zbog svih neditnutih objašnjenja do kojih se mora doći kako bi jedna stvar postala neka druga. Potajno, duboko u sebi, prihvaćam da nemam izbora i da se moram umiroviti iz struke koja mi nije donijela uspjeh pa mi je sada plan mahnuti bijelom zastavom i otići u Brazilmysorebalimontanutroneimnyonbristol, dočim mi istekne najam. I usput ne plašim se da će mi produžiti ugovor jer je gazdarica već sve tri kućice stavila na prodaju.

Više-manje bila je prisiljena na to, ako te zanima. Kada je svratila reći mi da je bila sa sestrom – što se moglo i očekivati, jasno, jer i ona ima neke veze s nekretninama, ima osobni interes moglo bi se reći. Sestra ima osobni interes koji je sasvim komercijalan jer, koliko ja znam, nikada nije živjela u jednoj od tri kućice – za razliku od moje gazdarice, koja je zanemarena živjela u jednoj i provela vrijeme kajući se zbog potonje sramote u drugoj. Nije potrebno ni spominjati da su zato njihovi stavovi prema prodaji tih nekretnina vrlo različiti. K

tome sestra je nosila jako neobičan šešir sa širokim krznenim obodom čiju svrhu uopće nisam mogla dokučiti. Da budem sasvim iskrena mrzila sam taj šešir, a još sam mrzila, možda i više nego sam šešir, svjetlucavi ruž koji je odabrala. Koja je svrha svega toga? Točno? Stalno je pogledavala neke metalne stvari koje sam naslonila pored vrata pa mene kao da je sve ovo pitanje na koje moram odgovoriti, ali jednostavno sam je ignorirala i upitala gazdaricu što ona misli o prodaji. Osjetila sam da je odgovor nažalost omela prisutnost njezine sestre i jako čudnog šešira s krznenim obodom koji je zapravo zauzeo dosta prostora pa je bilo teško stajati pored nje na vratima. Suludo. I gazdarica je bez sumnje mislila da joj sestra izgleda apsurdno u onom besmislenom šeširu, a dok sam, nešto kasnije, stajala uz sudoper i srkala čaj iz čajnika i gledala ih kako razgovaraju s nekim muškarcima - za koje pretpostavljam da su bili agenti za nekretnine zbog fascikala kojima su samo mahali okolo - pomislila sam kako se u sestrinom šeširu krije nešto zlobno i bilo mi je drago što ne dolazim često u smislen kontakt s njom. Zapravo mislim – ako ću biti pronicljiva – da obje sestre sebe smatraju glamuroznima – samo što jedna to pokazuje uspješnije od druge jednostavno zato što njezino lice ne pokazuje nezadovoljstvo onako odlučno kao lice njezine sestre. Ne znam zašto sam se tako raspičala o Martin's Hillu – ne znam što sam htjela postići jutros s ono malo maštanja u naslonjaču. Zar zaista nalazim toliko zadovoljstva u prisjećanju? I otkad to? Jer ako te zanima ne sjećam se da sam ikad neku uspomenu iz prošlosti smatrala naročito zanimljivom ili dirljivom ili zapravo uopće pouzdanom. Zbog moje radikalne nezrelosti – obilježene stalnim nedostatkom ambicije – stvarni mi događaji ne čine neku razliku, jer je utjecaj koji imaju na moj um ili ravan nuli ili nenasan tako da, jasno, moram preispitivati vlastitu mogućnost stvaranja uspomena koje se na bilo koji način odnose na ono što se zaista dogodilo – uključujući značajne događaje i slično. Međutim moji su se snovi pokazali jako mnemoničkima – ne sanjam o prošlosti, ni izvan prošlosti, ali često sanjam, na primjer, sanjarije koje sam zamišljala dok sam bila mlađa – uz

drveće, iza zastora, tako nešto. Vidiš? Pa ipak – unatoč uglavnom upitnom načinu odnosa – bila sam jako odlučna stvoriti nešto iz Martin's Hilla.

Možda zbog svog donekle poetičnog tumačenja središnje katastrofe zvučim dovitljivo i odraslo i kao da sam potpuno svjesna kako se ljudski život razvija sukladno čudnovatim zapisima suptilnih odlučujućih trenutaka. U načelu nisam oduševljena izmišljenim refleksijama, međutim, ovom prilikom podlegla sam im više puta. Čak sam se usudila reći da smo jeli piletinu. Ali, uopće nisam sigurna da smo jeli piletinu. Vrlo vjerojatno smo ju jeli jer je to bilo sredinom devedesetih a svi znaju da su glavni sastojci svakog engleskog piknika bili hladna pečena piletina, nekakva salata od tjestenine, francuz, mandarine i pakiranje čokoladnih roladica. Od svih mjesta Martin's Hill! O da, baš sam otišla u detalje i naglasila jutrošnju prilično bezazlenu scenu poslije raspadnutog tosta dok sam udarala naslon za ruke na fotelji svojim pipavim sjednim kostima njegova glava manje-više ispod moje brade oboje gledamo van preko svega. Jezero, rijeka, ruševine dvorca, grmlje, visoka stabla, tužni oblaci, popišane trske, veslači i njihovi čamci, čudovište, kuća u blizini, djeca, njihova majka, garaža, vrtni alat, stalak za sušenje, hodnik, stepenice, vrata, ključanice, krevet, ono ispod, strava, hladan pod, sandale, vječita prašina. I jedna strana Martin's Hilla bila je jako strma, objasnila sam – mislim da sam koristila riječ nagnuta ako baš moraš znati – i mislim da se lopta moga brata skotrljala nizbrdo znaš, nešto ga je svakako namamilo na tu stranu brda jer se inače nije išlo na tu stranu – bila je jako strma znaš, i neravna – strma, nepravilna i neravna. Narančasta. Plava. Narančasta. Plava. Narančasta. Bio je u redu nakon prvih nekoliko koraka, a onda je sve više počeo zaostajati – izgubio je kontrolu i pao. Pao je skroz na dno Martin's Hilla. Sasvim sâm dok sam ga ja samo promatrala i to je vjerujem bio dokaz da sam ipak ja starija.

Zapravo sam prezirala taj osjećaj, ali na neki način ublažavalo ga je iščekivanje večeri koja nadolazi i zar se nisu ta dva osjećaja ujedinila da stvore moj vjerojatno prvi doživljaj

melankolije. I zar nisam odmah utvrdila da je melankolija probudila u meni nešto što se činilo autentičnije i korisnije od svega što sam prije osjetila.

Slušaj, dosad je svima potpuno jasno da na mene djeluju zamišljene stvari a gotovo nimalo okolnosti koje se mogu istražiti – ali ipak nitko ne zna kakve se maštarije nalaze u tuđim mislima i zato, možda samo zbog toga, način na koji se ponašam zbunjuje, začuđuje, neobjašnjiv je – ponekad čak i uvredljiv. Lako je posumnjati u nekoga poput mene i često me se optužuje za kojekakve nepristojnosti. U ovo doba prošle godine, na primjer, netko koga poznam onako poslovno dogovorio je susret sa mnom u zimskom vrtu hotela u vrijeme ručka isključivo u svrhu prenošenja rezimea skandaloznih kleveta – koji mu je, usputno, jako očito netko pomogao sastaviti – i sve to navodno za moje dobro! Samo da kažem da mi je cijela ta situacija bila jako neugodna i nisam znala kako trebam reagirati. Naručili smo žemlje i sad su stajale na stolu uz one glupe nepotrebne kartonske ambalaže pekmeza koje baš mrzim. Pokušala sam biti ljubazna, budi ljubazna pomislila sam, ali bila je to beznadna naredba jer uopće nisam mogla dokučiti što to ljubazno mogu napraviti.

Zapravo me je to jako potreslo ali tek nakon opširnog razgovora s prijateljicom u njezinu autu na mom prilazu postala sam dovoljno sigurna u sebe da mi bude sasvim svejedno. Sad mi je to posljednja briga. Bilo pa prošlo i tako dalje. S obzirom na to da sutra odlazimo na dvodnevno putovanje ponijela sam mobitel u vrt nakon ručka i nazvala ga da porazgovaramo o planovima. Ako te zanima jeo je juhu. Juhu od rajčice s malo mlijeka. Odmah na početku razgovora upitao me smeta li mi što jede juhu dok razgovaramo i rekla sam da ne znam, možda mi zasmeta, ovisi hoće li srkati. Šalila sam se, barem mi je to bila namjera, ali ispalo je da je u mom glasu postojao i tračak istine, što me zapravo iznenadilo, pa sam se odmah odala smijehom i rekla da slobodno nastavi jesti juhu.

Ustanovili smo da jede juhu pa smo onda i malo razgovarali o juhi – jede juhu gotovo svaki dan dok ja rijetko gubim vrijeme na nju i bilo je kao da smo nekako morali pomiriti tu

razliku ili je barem bolje shvatiti. Kad nasluti da ne volim juhu oklijevam složiti se – zapravo stvarno volim juhu, ali je ne volim jesti – stalno dizanje i spuštanje žlice ubrzo postane vrlo zamorno, mehaničko – ne, odbija me turoban čin jedenja juhe, a ne okus. Prevrćem se po vreći za spavanje pored užeta za sušenje rublja dok raspravljamo o razlikama – vrijeme je jako lijepo zadnja dva dana pa sam iskoristila priliku i oprala pokrivače i jastučnice i male tepihe. Ispričam mu o sinoćnjoj vožnji biciklom, kako je bilo predivno jer su ulice bile obasjane mjesecinom. Rekla sam mu da sam se uzrujala i razbjesnila na psa koji mi je pritrčao i lajao na gležnjeve čak i kad su mi noge izgubile oslonac a pedale se iznenada same nastavile beskorisno okretati. Rekao mi je da ponesem štap tako da ubuduće takve pse mogu odalimiti po glavi i prokomentiram da će mi možda biti teško voziti držeći štap i kaže da ću već pronaći način. Treba ti, kaže. Majice su ti se lijepo osušile, kažem, izglaćat ću ih poslije – da ti ih donesem sutra? Da, kaže, donesi obje. Trebat će ti još jedna, kažem. Da, kaže, ona koju nosim. Koja je to, upitam. Još ne znam, kaže. Aha, kažem, misliš na onu koju sutra nosiš – ne sad. Zašto ne obučeš onu plavu lanenu, kažem. Onu s točkicama, kaže. Da, kažem – premda nisu točkice nego jako sitni cvjetovi. Okej, kaže, obući ću je ispod tamnoplavog džempera. To ti lijepo pristaje, kažem. Zatim, na kraju poziva, otkrije da cijelo vrijeme jednom rukom drži zdjelu za juhu i pije iz nje a drugom drži mobitel i razgovara sa mnom.

Znaš, kaže, da piješ juhu kao ja sad ne bi se trebala zamarati žlicom i više bi uživala.

Da budem iskrena, mislim da sam možda već eksperimentirala s jedenjem juhe izravno iz zdjele ali pokazalo se kao praksa koju mi nije najugodnije usvojiti jer sam se zapravo osjećala kao da se pretvaram da sam od negdje odakle nisam – ne znam odakle, s nekog drugog kontinenta, možda iz neke druge epohe, nije ni bitno – bitan je osjećaj a osjećaj je, prije svega, bio onaj nepripadanja. Baš neobično. Uostalom ako te zanima često pijem kavu iz malene zdjele za rezance i to mi sasvim odgovara. Imam četiri malene zdjele za rezance i sa svakom mi to uspijeva, pogotovo onom od terakote. I naravno zelenom. Teško mi je piti čaj iz bilo čega što

nije bijelo i okrhuto na pravom mjestu – to je još uvijek beskompromisno iako sad pijem crni. U školi sam se družila s djevojčicom čija majka nije imala pojma o pospremanju, a kuhinja je bila posebno grozna – ako te baš zanima, stravična. Imala je neke poprilično morbidne ideje, na primjer držanje plišanih medvjedića u zamrzivaču. Zamisli! Baš fascinantno. Ponekad se trudila uvesti malo topline u dom, no trud je bio toliko neznatan da su se neprimjereni predmeti kroz koje je iskazan činili jedino sablasnima – primjerice izvezeni ručnici ili šalice s uzorkom. Već sam se susretala sa šalicama s uzorkom tako da mi je ta koncepcija bila poznata – i premda mi nisu najdraža stvar na svijetu sasvim su u redu. Ali ne i s ovakvima – ove su bile strašne zbog uzorka koji se nije nalazio samo izvan šalice – koliko god to nevjerojatno zvučalo jedan motiv se nastavljao i unutar šalice. Mislila je da je to divno, dobro se sjećam kako mi ih ponosno pokazuje. Misliš li da bi se svidjele tvojoj majci, upitala me, i naravno da sam rekla da bi iako sigurno ne bi. Isto tako, kad je predložio da juhu pijem iz zdjele ništa drugo nisam mogla reći osim da ću svakako jednom pokušati. Jednom! Nikad ne reci jednom jer, nažalost, sa svakim novim danom u kojem ne popijem juhu iz zdjele osjećam ogromnu krivnju, zapravo kao da ga omalovažavam, a to je užasan osjećaj za imati. Znaš shvatila sam da je bio zadovoljan prijedlogom. Shvatila sam da ga je sastavljao kroz naš razgovor. Riješio je problem – neki su ljudi jednostavno takvi. Neprestano pronalaze načine da se uhvate u koštac sa svijetom, da savladaju netrpeljivosti kako bi mu se mogli još malo više posvetiti. Zapravo je vrijedno divljenja kako ne dopuštaju da nešto stane između njih i ostatka – oh, ostatak! Negdje tamo, čitavo vrijeme lebdi negdje tamo. S vremena na vrijeme razne ideje padnu mi na pamet – rekla bih strategije koje možda usade nešto sklada ali, ako moraš znati, ni dan ne prođe a da se neprimjetna katastrofa ne odbije od njega. Ni jedan dan – a nikad niti ne vidim da nadolazi! Zamisli! Ako te zanima ne znam hoću li ikad uspjeti pohvatati sve konce – zapravo mislim da mi je prekasno za stvaranje potrebnog stava.



A stav je, čini se, sve. Jako je teško bez njega pronaći značenje u bilo čemu jer bez stava, jasno, nema ni pogleda na svijet. Prvi put u životu rasklopim dasku za glačanje i postavim je uz prozor iako je vani dosad više-manje pao mrak. Među osušenom odjećom pronađem njegove dvije košulje i odlučim glačati prvo onu tamniju – kako sam to odlučila ne znam, svakako će obje biti izglačane, no iz nekog neobjašnjivog razloga, činilo se kao da moram izglačati jednu prije druge jer kad sam ih obje položila na dasku neko vrijeme sam ih promatrala pokušavajući dokučiti koja će to biti. I zapravo mislim da sam donijela dobru odluku jer sam se nedugo nakon što sam počela s glačanjem tamnije košulje zaista počela osjećati jako sretnom i ako te zanima ubrzo sam poželjela da barem imam još njegovih košulja za izglačati. Stajala sam uz prozor i glačala njegove dvije košulje za sutra, prvo onu tamniju, i jako sam dobro znala da me se lako može vidjeti. Ne znam što je to tamo vani, nikad nisam mogla dokučiti i cijelo vrijeme koje sam provela doma iza zelenih zavjesa u blagovaonici nisam došla ništa bliže zaključku. A i zašto ne bih stajala ovako uz prozor? Zašto ne bih bila vidljiva? Ne bojim se. Ne bojim se čudovišta. Neka stoji na ulici obasjanoj mjesečinom i promatra me. Oduvijek me promatra, čitav moj život, dolazi i odlazi – i ne znam što vidi dok stoji ondje, ne znam boji li me se – i mislim da moram biti dvostruko oprezna da ga ne preplašim, jer među nama, uopće nisam sigurna gdje bih bila bez njega.

#### 4.4 Zemlji i nebu

Kroz prozor je dolepršao list i pao ravno na vodu između mojih koljena dok sam sjedila u kadi i gledala van. Bio je to u cijelosti kvadratni prozor koji sam širom otvorila tako da se staklo prislonilo točno uza zid. Bio je ondje, u ravnini s rubom kade – nisam se morala istegnuti ni nagnuti; gotovo kao da sam na crnogoričnom stablu koje nastavlja prema gore, tako visoko. Spremala se oluja, stara oluja, kružila je i kružila oko planine, možda posjećivala planinu nakon tko zna koliko vremena, pokušavala nekamo stići, a stigla nikamo.

I započelo je ni iz čega, obična oluja, ništa originalno, ništa što nisam prije čula. Neko sam vrijeme gledala svoja posla dok mi nije sinulo da bih trebala iskopčati kabele pa su se svjetla ugasila na onim stvarčicama kojima se nastojim pozabaviti i nije mi baš smetalo jer su stvari bile očite i već uredne a istodobno u tom trenutku potpuno mi nepojmljive. Zaista nije bilo većih posljedica. Ušla sam u vodu koja me neko vrijeme čekala, hladila se, a onda mi je palo na pamet širom otvoriti prozor, što sam i učinila bez poteškoća unatoč krutom izgledu zasuna.

A onda, od tog trenutka, mogla sam, čak i neizbježno, slušati oluju kako kruži i kruži, i znala sam da je to jedna stara oluja koja se vratila – činilo se da zna točno gdje je i u njezinim pokretima i zvuku postojala je takva intimnost dok je prolazila pa kružila i kružila. Da, pomislila sam, poznaješ ove planine i planine poznaju tebe. Ne – nije bjesnila, uopće nije bjesnila – nije pokazivala naznake ljutnje. Kako je glasna bila, a ujedno tako krhka, svako malo zastajkiвала i nastavljala – nije znala gdje početi, ali nije bila ni izbezumljena, nimalo. Valjala sam mrežu pjene po korijenu kose i uronila u tijelo oluje; upoznala sam njezinu anatomiju, vidjela joj oči, osjetila prošlost i suosjećala s njezinim apelom. Imala je stila, iskustva; i vratila se, ponovno se vratila.

Kružila je i kružila, pokušavala nekamo stići, a stigla nikamo. Mada planina nije ništa učinila planina nije popustila oluji i zapravo je strepila od njezina odlaska i priželjkivala da se uvijek vrati, da se ponovno vrati. Zatim se još više približila i kiša je ukoso padala kroz širom otvoren prozor pa sam utonula dublje u mutnu mliječnu vodu i visoko iznad držala knjigu. Bila je to knjiga zbog koje sam čeznula za jako dalekim muškarcima. Oluja je prešla u suton a ja sam stajala uz veliki prozor u ogrtaču i objema rukama držala šalicu i tanjurić. Znala sam točno što se događa. Upalila sam svjetla i konačno se suočila s nizom haljina koje su spremno visjele na japanskom paravanu.

## 4.5 Staro tlo

Zatvorila je zemlju nad zelenim papirima, sabijala ju je šakama, više kao da mijesi nego da udara pa je postala i potpuno opčinjena. Opčinjena pokretima, otiscima koje su njezini zglobovi ostavljali, i onime što je osjetila kada je pritisnula tlo. Ljubav može iznenaditi. Nije mogla shvatiti odakle joj ta ideja, nije nastala negdje u njoj. Ali godilo joj je, pa se naslonila na šake i jako pritisnula tlo. Ljubav može iznenaditi, rekla je, uživajući u neočekivano dobrom raspoloženju. A onda je malo izmijenila mantru, primaknula kožu, oči i usne skupljenim i blatnjavim prstima i prišapnula im: ljubav mora iznenaditi.

Zamahнула je čizmama držeći ih za vezice i njima udarila o zid, oslobodivši uredne komade zemlje. Njezina je majka otvorila prozor na katu i pozvala je rukom na kojoj je bila rukavica, ali nije se obazrela, prezrela je čizme i tiho odlepršala iza kuće dok je majčin glas zvonio poput nesigurnih komadića koji se sudaraju na povjetarcu.

Crvena je jabuka uspravno ležala na travnjaku. Njezin je brat stajao podalje, u lijevoj ruci zveckajući puževima koje je desnom jednog po jednog bacao, iz lakta, u visinu, s ciljem da nakon vrtoglavog pada pogode jabuku. Bacio je puža na sestru. Gledala ga je kako se prevrće zrakom, izustila sarkastično „au“ jer je pao nekoliko metara dalje te spustila pogled na dobro uvježbanu jabuku. Glupa jabuka. Ostavi je, rekao je. Ostala je stajati na mjestu i nastavila se mrštiti na jabuku. Tu glupu glupu jabuku.

Samo je zamislila kako se saginje prema jabuci, ljutito je grabi i vitla o zid kuće. Samo je zamislila zvuk sudaranja koštica, i užasan zvuk kada udari o zid i raspadne se. Samo je zamislila ove stvari ali priznala je da, ipak, njezine zamisli moraju postati opreznije, suptilnije, možda, sada kad se pojavio prazni papirić.

Ubrzo je došlo do promjene – jabuka nije skretala svoj zeleni pogled s nje dok su sve njezine misli i spoznaje polagano curile u vrt. Prozor se začnuo u okviru. Nakon toga, naravno, došlo je vrijeme da oboje pođu unutra i operu ruke.

Jutro stoji na svojoj visokoj ljuljački i čeka, gurajući prljavštinu ispod noktiju naprijed-nazad s praznim komadićem papira.

## 5 Conclusion

The objective of this thesis was to define and explain literary style, focusing on Claire-Louise Bennett and her collection of short stories, *Pond*. Through the analysis, it was concluded that Bennett belongs to the stream-of-consciousness genre due to the approach she took to the text. The narrator is oftentimes equalized with the author as their voice intertwines, and there are autobiographical elements to further back this claim. The distinctive voice, combined with the introspective and poetic tone, complex syntax and fragmented memories and thoughts all contribute to Bennett's style. Her stories require full attention when read in the original language, and the translation ought to transfer the feel of that, too. The isolation her protagonist lives in allows her to experience the world in not only words and signs but also to find appreciation for the meaning behind the signs and connect deeper with both the materialistic and the metaphysical. This is why Bennett's *Pond* is a challenge, both to read and to translate. The theoretical framework used to analyze the four translated short stories helped to deal with two major principles, those of fidelity to the text and of translator's visibility. When it came to the various translation approaches presented in the thesis, they are often polar opposites, but all claim to be the right path for a translator to take. It is all very dependent on which language is the source one, which one is the target one, and the same applies to cultural elements in the stories. The translation is also a very subjective work – two translators will have different approaches to the same text. Meaning, the translator has a personal style that will inevitably leave marks on the text.

Therefore, we need to ask again: can style be translated? In the case of Claire-Louise Bennett and *Pond*, the translator tried to preserve the elements which make it what it is, transfer the narrator's emotions and thoughts into Croatian, but also to ease the readers' experience of going through the text in terms of domesticating certain matters and applying some of Vinay's

and Darbelnet's procedures. It can be said that both readability and honouring the source text were the aspects the translator wanted to show in the translation. This also means that smoothing out the text was one of the main concerns of the translator, implying the invisibility of the translator. However, another translator might decide that different elements of the text are more important to keep in the translation, or that different translation methods are more appropriate.

Finally, the translator needs to have all the knowledge presented by the scholars to be able to decide for themselves what their source text will benefit the most from in the translation. It would then seem the only logical conclusion is that translating is a slippery slope. The translator has to actively choose and decide to either please the source text, the receiving audience, neither or both. To do so, they must be trusted to use the said knowledge with the responsibility for the text being the most important aspect, closely followed by the responsibility for the art and craft of translating. But in the end, it is up to the receiving audience to form their own opinions on the text and in connection, on the translation, because as much as translating is a personal endeavour, it is a part of a literary process and reading is the final step a book strives to take in that process. Its aim is to reach the reader and leave a mark, a mark only as deep as a reader will allow it to be.

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## **7 TRANSLATING STYLE – NAVIGATING THE DEPTHS OF CLAIRE-LOUISE BENNETT’S “POND”: Summary and key words**

Claire-Louise Bennett and her collection of short stories *Pond* have been at the centre of this thesis. The goal was to examine literary style through its elements, which are grammar and syntax, language and vocabulary, voice and tone. This was done with the stream of consciousness at the heart of the analysis as it affects all the named elements. It was necessary to investigate the translation of style, both from a practical and a theoretical point of view, through the methodology of Schleiermacher, Nida, Venuti Vinay and Darbelnet, whilst looking into translator’s invisibility and fidelity to the text. Their theoretical framework allowed for an examination of the translations of four selected short stories and helped to deduce how can a style be translated, if at all, especially on the example of an author like Bennett, who plays with the meaning and complexity of her sentences.

Key words: Claire-Louise Bennett, translating style, literary style, translation theory, literary theory, stream of consciousness

## **8 PREVOĐENJE STILA – U DUBINAMA CLAIRE-LOUISE BENNETT**

### **I “PONDA”: Sažetak i ključne riječi**

U središtu ovog rada našle su se Claire-Louise Bennett i njezina zbirka kratkih priča *Pond*. Cilj rada bio je istražiti književni stil kroz sve njegove sastavnice, gramatiku i sintaksu, jezik, rječnik, glas i ton. U srcu analize bila je i struja svijesti koja ima utjecaja na prethodno navedene sastavnice. Važno je bilo istražiti i teoriju prevođenja s praktičnog i teoretskog stajališta s pomoću metodologija Schleiermachera, Nide, Venutija, Vinaya i Darbelneta, a istodobno proučiti vidljivost prevoditelja i vjernost tekstu. Njihov teoretski okvir omogućio je analizu prijevoda četiri izabrane kratke priče i pomogao doći do zaključka kako prevesti stil, ako je to uopće moguće, posebice na primjeru spisateljice kao što je to Bennett koja se igra sa značenjem i složenim rečenicama.

Ključne riječi: Claire-Louise Bennett, prevođenje stila, književni stil, teorija prevođenja, književna teorija, struja svijesti